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EIGHTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER . . . EDITOR

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SAGACIOUS MR. SHUBERT.

LAST week the tercentenary of the death of William Shakespeare was generally observed in Great Britain, but it was with no thought of recognizing the great work of the master dramatist that Mr. Lee Shubert sent Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothorn on the road to play Shakespearean characters. Far from it. The main intent was to sell seats and with no royalties to pay, the profits accruing are not inconsiderable. Ordinarily, a producer is not averse to calling in the dramatic critics to consider what he has to offer, and when they are pleased, naturally, he is pleased also.

But Mr. Lee Shubert is made of shrewd stuff. He knows that his co-stars need no extraneous newspaper aids, at present, to render profitable his contract engagements, so his instructions, while en tour, have been to cut the daily papers to the bone and cut out the weeklies, irrespective of individual merit, entirely. Because of this delightful policy, readers of The Graphic are debarred in this issue from having their conceptions of the character work essayed by Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn indorsed or negated by our dramatic critic. The management of the local theater, which Mr. Shubert's stars honor by their presence, lacking the stamina to insist on reserving regular critic's seats for a paper which has striven at all times to uphold meritorious dramatic offerings, to render honest opinion, to utter praise when due and not fail to excoriate when the occasion demanded, meekly submits to the Hebraic dictation, and the commercialization of the stage, in this instance, at least, triumphs.

Congratulations and felicitations to the Shubert sagacity. Of course, a review of the local productions appearing in these columns a day before the close of the engagement might not add materially to the gross receipts of the week, but it might help to reflect luster on the theater and possibly convince our readers that not all the attractions it stages are of the "Three Weeks" and "Girl From Rector's" order. Perhaps

the management fancies that it has shown a most liberal spirit in using our publicity columns to announce the Shubert oncoming and we dare say it has. For this much of recognition let us be duly and humble grateful.

EXTREMES OF CIVILIZATION

IT is only fitting, of course, that the state in which "we have conditions of human degradation such as never existed in any civilization before" should erect at its capital a ten million dollar group that "architecturally will be second to none in the world." The first quotation is from a recent speech in the house of representatives by a New York City congressman; the second is from yesterday's dispatch telling of the reconstruction of the recently fire-swept capitol at Albany. Well, so the pyramids were built; so the hanging gardens of Babylon were constructed; so the Coliseum of Rome was erected; so have all the world's historic feats of architecture and engineering been accomplished—at the cost of human degradation. Wherever, in the civilized world, is a city with noble and beautiful groups of architecture, magnificent cathedrals, palaces or triumphal arches and statuary, there are huddled thousands of miserable human beings always on the verge of starvation.

Already, in certain respects, New York has achieved marvels of construction that eclipse those of the antique world; and already, as her congressman says, and as we know without his saying, "We bury ten per cent of our people in the potter's field at public expense, and we have conditions of human want and depravity that were never seen in any civilization of the world." Is the game worth the candle? Are the palaces worth the cost? The question is obvious, but sentimental. Whatever may have been the necessary and natural cost of palaces and monuments in the past, there is today no normal and rational connection between the slums on the east side of Gotham and the beautiful pile that was and is to be built at Albany. That the two can exist simultaneously is a national disgrace that the nation is beginning to realize.

It is not the building of palaces in Albany that makes or maintains the Bowery slums. The latter is due to our false and vicious method of distributing the accumulations of labor applied to land. It is due to the fact that our allodial land system enables the few strong and fortunate to appropriate vastly more than their share of the wealth that is created by the whole. This civilization must change that vicious system or give way to a new civilization that will change it.

INDUSTRIAL SACRIFICE OF LIFE

DOUBTLESS, it would cost a tidy sum slightly to elevate the new "good roads" bed of Huntington drive and slightly depress the Pacific Electric tracks where they cross each other twice or thrice between the city and Bairdstown, but if it cost a hundred thousand dollars, or double that, even, would not the added security to life and limb be worth the money? There are far too many grade crossings in Los Angeles and its suburbs. They are a constant menace to human life, and every year at least a few lives are sacrificed because of them. The loss is unnecessary. Nearly all the industrial sacrifice of life is unnecessary. Only a few days ago twenty-three miners were entombed—unnecessarily, because the tunnels had not been properly protected at a considerable expense. What a civilization it is that, everywhere, places money against human life! The only compensating circumstance in the situation seems to be that, as a rule, men risk their own lives almost as recklessly as they risk the lives of others.

But that compensates only in a philosophical way. It is no compensation to the many thousands who die each year through no contribu-

tory risk of their own. However, barring a certain class of day laborers who have no say in the matter, the 200,000 or more who die every year in this country because it would have been expensive to prevent the accidents that kill them, there is little or no vicarious suffering involved, for all are equally guilty. If our personal lives seem to be reasonably well safeguarded we can view with much complacency the certainty that other people must be killed as a result of conditions which could be changed. We are willing to take a chance that we will not be caught. That, at least, shows we are not entirely cowardly; but it is far too little. We are entirely too free with other people's lives. Personally, not a billion dollars would recompense us for our lives, yet to save a dollar or two per capita a year we calmly and certainly condemn others to death. Statistics reveal that inadequate protection, faulty construction, and unsafe conditions, all of which could be remedied at a trifling cost per capita, kill 200,000 every year in America.

Calmly we contemplate this vast death roll. Of course, that is a small percentage of 90,000,000 and we are willing to take our chances. It seems like a safe gamble for us. It usually proves so. It is the other fellow's life that is sacrificed—200,000 of them every year. The public of the United States maintains and permits such conditions as will inevitably result in the killing of 200,000 men, women and children by preventable accidents. What can civilization mean, anyway?

AFFIRMATION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

FROM the negative arguments of the president of the local anti-suffrage organization, which were considered in The Graphic last week, we turn with added interest to an address by Mrs. Seward Adams Simons, president of the Political Equality League, made before the Friday Morning Club not long ago. In concise and most convincing form this champion of the cause of woman suffrage has marshalled her facts, drawn her deductions and voiced her conclusions. As optimistic in tone as the other was pessimistic, the light of faith and hope and courage permeates her plea and with sound logic, valuable testimony and justice as coadjutors, her summary of facts points inevitably to the triumph of her cause in the court of reason.

Says Mrs. Simons: "It is because I believe that women have the intelligence, the perseverance, and the honesty of purpose to assist in this uplifting, that they have a strength which ought not be cast aside as of no account in the struggle for better things for all the race, that they are the complement of men and in the purest sense their co-workers—it is for these reasons that I am a suffragist."

This is an admirable viewpoint and is in line with our contention that man's political vision will be vastly more clarified than now when, with his women folk participating as political equals, the moot questions of the day, of local, state and national import, shall be mutually discussed. Combating the argument of the antis that the few women who serve on educational and charitable boards would be even more powerful and efficient without the ballot, Mrs. Simons points out that while by long, patient, intelligent agitation disfranchised women have succeeded in obtaining the enactment of many good laws, it is a fact that never anywhere have those laws been enforced so satisfactorily as corresponding laws are enforced where women vote. As to the indifferent women voters, who, Mrs. Caswell has told us, will loom large on the political horizon, the president of the equality league pertinently and with justifiable sly humor, suggests that they might "fraternize or sororize" with the fifty or

sixty per cent of the "best men," who, according to her opponent, do not vote, hence neither could affect the total.

Mrs. Simons scores a center when she asks, "How can any anti-suffragist feel that women have the power in their hands to do any public work if it consists only in the influence to get another to do it?" Of course, she must get this other one to represent her opinion. But, perhaps the anti thinks she is not entitled to have an opinion; that her father or brother or husband, or next of kin, failing any or all of these, shall be given the monopoly in this respect. Surely, it will be far easier to persuade officials to enforce laws when women are enabled to perform their full duty in the selection of such officials. This sane suffragist argument advanced by Mrs. Simons is hardly debatable, it is so obvious; yet the antis are found opposing it.

To the many testimonials offered in contravention of the statement that woman suffrage is a failure where it has been granted, we might add that in Denmark, where women are elected to the city councils and take active part in carrying on the government of municipalities, they take their duties as a matter of course and perform them quietly and efficiently. This is on the authority of Minister Egan. Commenting on which the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin queries: "If women make this record in Denmark, why should anything different be expected as a result of the enlargement of their political sphere in the United States?"

We thoroughly coincide with the concluding paragraph of Mrs. Simons' able and logical paper, wherein she declares that the world needs women's influence in public affairs, and women need the influence of a larger world, a larger responsibility than they have been allowed to feel. She closes her convincing address by saying: "Only with men and women developing and progressing side by side can we expect an approximation of that splendid destiny which awaits the arousing of all citizens to the exercise of the privilege and responsibility of co-operation in a government for all the people, by all the people."

LAST WORD ABOUT CRATERS

IT is comforting to know that one thing has been settled forever and ever, amen! even if so distantly related to the high cost of living as the craters of the moon. In times past these have given us much scientific perturbation. The great crater of Petavius is seventy-eight miles in diameter and there are many others of from ten to fifty miles across, often with huge cone-shaped mountains in their center. After centuries of speculation, science had about settled down to the dogma that these lunar craters were due to volcanic action several million years ago, and a number of draughtsmen were set to work drawing illustrations for the astronomical books, showing how volcanic showers might, could, and probably did form the vast and innumerable craters so clearly discernible on that half of the moon which she graciously turns to us so often. Whether there are any craters on the other side of the moon or not no one pretended to know, not even a Sunday supplement scientist.

Then came astronomer G. R. Gilbert with the notion that lunar sculptures were due to the impact of bodies falling on the moon. Science objected on the score that said impact of a body big enough to have dented in the side of the moon to produce the Mare Imbrium and such craters as Triesnecker or old Petavius would have jarred the ancient mistress of night out of her twenty-seven-day orbit around that planet whose tides rise and fall as she woos them. Certain astronomers think that the moon is a dead one, anyway, and Sir William Ball says she is "cold to the center." Probably he knows. But now comes the Associated Press man who tells us all about it. In a dispatch from Philadelphia the welcome news is conveyed that the truth about the lunar craters "is now established forever."

Forever is a long time, but there it is in plain print, and those who love peace instead of war will not be the first to voice their doubt. Professor T. J. J. See has been lecturing, it seems, on his favorite theory that the moon was orig-

inally a planet which the earth captured once in a flirtatious mood and now cannot get divorced from on the only interstellar statutory cause, which is desertion. Incompatibility of temperament could easily be proved with Sir William Ball as the star witness, and Prof. William Pickering would testify that the earth "cast her off" several eons ago, leaving a hole in his side which the Pacific ocean discreetly covered from peering eyes. But despite her coldness "to the center," she still hangs around and makes goo-goo eyes at the tides. Probably she wants alimony.

Professor See makes out a good case of unfaithfulness, her infraction of the seventh commandment being evidenced by the fact, as he strongly intimates, that she has been on intimate terms with a number of stellar inhabitants, as the scars on her face plainly show. This is in line with Expert Gilbert's testimony, but though it simply ruins her reputation for monogamy, and blasts her fair fame "forever," as the Associated Press says, it is feared that nothing short of actual desertion will "go" in the lunar court, and this is the one sin she insists upon not committing.

COLONEL JOYCE BETRAYS HIMSELF

LET him who supposes that the Congressional Record is a sort of dry-as-dust receptacle for speeches recited to empty benches, for the purpose of impressing home constituencies, be forever abused of such a fallacy. Seldom do we turn the pages of our Washington contemporary without disclosing a witty passage-at-arms, a bon mot, a felicitous expression that has been graciously included in the day's proceedings. Occasionally, the muse triumphs, as it did the other day when "Billy" Kent of the Second (California) district lampooned the tariff inequalities in sprightly verse, intimating that the author was a modest constituent.

But it remained for Mr. Bartholdt of Missouri to yield his "time" on the floor to a reading of an original poem on "reciprocity," written by Col. John A. Joyce, poet laureate of the city of Washington. In offering this metrical tribute to the debate the representative from St. Louis hoped he might be pardoned for suggesting that our poets usually are not inspired by what is bad, but generally by what is good. He asked that the following be read by the clerk into the Record:

Reciprocity is good
In the field and farm and wood
To intertwine our brotherhood.

Reciprocity is best
For each honest, loving guest,
From the east unto the west.

Reciprocity is grand
To tie us to a brother land,
Equality of heart and hand.

Reciprocity is wise,
Without greed or base disguise,
And no secret, liquid lies.

Reciprocity is love,
Gentle as a cooing dove,
Born from glorious climes above.

Reciprocity to feel,
In our woe or in our weal,
That we get a strong, square deal.

Reciprocity, fore and aft,
With all nations, scornful graft,
Through the voice of Big Bill Taft!

Following which, "Uncle Joe" Cannon addressed the chairman, desiring to ask the gentleman from Missouri a question. The poem, he noted, was signed John A. Joyce and he wanted to know if that settled the question between the colonel and Ella Wheeler Wilcox as to the vexed authorship of "Laugh and the World Laughs With You?" Mr. Bartholdt dodged and the clerk went on reading:

Egg yolk, egg albumen, and blood albumen, 7½ per cent ad valorem.

Answering Mr. Cannon's question, we should say, after a critical reading of Colonel Joyce's effusion that he has betrayed himself. Ella Wilcox, in all her poetic perpetrations has not ap-

proached this banal effort of the colonel's, hence we are ready to assign to her the authorship so long in doubt. Think of it:

Reciprocity, fore and aft
Through the voice of Big Bill Taft.

Ugh! Not since one of our local California bards sung of "Bill, Bill Taft!" in a campaign ode, four or five years ago, has its equal been seen in print. In spite of it, however, the Democratic house approved the reciprocity agreement.

WHERE KANSAS CITY DRAWS THE LINE

KANSAS CITY is developing a rather spectacular moral tone which makes an acceptable "scare head story" for the hard-pressed news editor, but does not seem to lead anywhere in the realm of common sense or reason. Its officials have decided that blacking boots is not a morally fit occupation for young women who would prefer to earn their living by toil instead of by other means. It is not of record that these same officials have ever publicly or officially disapproved the scrubbing of floors of hotel lobbies by women. It is not of record that they have wiped out the White Slave traffic in their city. And, by the way, the plea often made that the White Slave traffic cannot be suppressed is sheer buncombe. It can be suppressed, as easily as the streets can be cleared, the garbage collected, or the license laws enforced. But—and here is the rub—it cannot be suppressed without interfering with vested capital, and even the purity societies cannot stand for that.

In Chicago, for instance, we are informed by the commission's report, that \$15,000,000 a year is reaped from the White Slave traffic. Now, as a hard, cold fact, which every well-informed man ought to know, and which every newspaper man does know, the White Slave traffic, or any other traffic, in Chicago or in any big city, could be wiped out overnight by the police department, and kept wiped out—if public sentiment demanded it or would even stand back of a police department which should undertake the task. After all, it is public sentiment that is responsible for all the evils of municipal life. On the one hand stand the churches, that would (without despoiling capital) remove the outward and visible signs of vice in every city, and on the other hand is a public apathy that will not endorse or authorize any genuine and far-reaching reformation.

Perhaps, in the long run, the public apathy is right, for until there is a change in the economic and industrial system there is little use in seeking to cure the numerous effects which inevitably follow. These Kansas City officials who are so regardful of the morals of their women wage-earners, how would they propose to advise these young women bootblacks to earn their living? It is not to be thought that any women in the world would naturally prefer to black men's shoes for a living, is it? Yet all of the women of the world cannot be clerks and stenographers. There are not enough places to go around. Isn't that obvious? Of the army of women who now make their living in competition with men, in store, mill, office, etc., is it not the pressure of economic circumstances that has driven them out of their homes to work and earn money with which to preserve, perhaps, their semblance of a home?

There are probably five million young women now working in stores and offices in this nation for an average, say, of \$10 a week. Is it conceivable that this is done from choice; that these women would rather drudge from eight to fourteen hours a day for a bare living than to remain in pleasant and ample homes? The few women whose talents, or whose "pull," enable them to fill positions paying from eighty dollars to double that a month fairly may be accused of wantonly preferring the industrial to the domestic life, but they are so few and so fortunate that they need neither the sympathy nor the concern of society. They are doing well and can take care of themselves. Rail about their undomestic preferences if you will; they can stand it. But in the Philadelphia carpet mills, for instance, are upward of ten thousand women and girls who would give a hand or an eye, almost, if they could stay home and be mothers. These carpet mill workers are in the aristocracy of female labor.

They earn from \$3 to as high as \$12 a week, and—how strange and sad—they have the same love for pretty things, for laces, jewels, silks and perfumes, as have the daughters of the rich and well-to-do. If they could be taught better, taught to wear cheaper clothes and eschew moving picture shows and trips to Atlantic City, they could afford to work for much less, and carpet could be manufactured in the Kensington district much more profitably.

From a manufacturer's viewpoint cheap labor is desirable, of course, but the storekeepers do better when wages are high. Ah, this is a strangely tangled civilization, and one who has no personal interest to exploit any one of its several classes, must sincerely wish that its whole wolfish profit system could be wiped out and a more decent and kindlier scheme of living invoked. Is that only a dream? Well, there is work enough in the world, and so many hungry to do it—even women anxious to black shoes—that to dream once in a while can do little harm.

GRAPHITES

Porfirio Diaz, eternal president of Mexico, hopes that peace soon will be established in his beloved land, and he hopes that all Mexicans will unite "with the single purpose of"—freeing the nation from its shameful stain of peonage? O, no; but for the purpose of "furthering the development and progress of the country." And it is a well-known and incontrovertible fact that this "development and progress" can be carried on to the best interest of the millionaire bondholders in Mexico, Wall street and Europe, by the peonage system. The war in Mexico has just begun. It will never be over till the peons are free. Actual chattel slavery seems to call for violent abolition, and those who place human freedom above stocks and bonds will not be disappointed to learn that Madero has not the power to call a halt on hostilities in Mexico until peonage is abolished. Magon and his followers have not been fighting for spoils of office. They do not care who is secretary this or that, nor even who is president. Certain fundamental things they demand, chief among them being universal freedom in the nation. They could scarcely ask less and be sincere. If the Mexican government is powerful enough to capture and kill Magon and all his followers, then, perhaps, there will be peace in Mexico, till a new crop of revolutionists spring up. Madero can speak only for that conservative wing among the insurrectos who had their eyes on the spoils of office.

Let us thank "whatever gods there be" that one thing is definitely settled. It was not in a "low groggery" that the Lorimer bribery fund was assessed and disseminated. What a shocking thing the nation has escaped. People feared that low "pothouse politicians" and the Hinky Dink slum ward heelers might have had to do with the Lorimer "election" (?) But thanks to the reported conversation between Clarence S. Funk and Edward Hines, the honor of the United States senate remains unsmirched by any such unworthy suspicion. Messrs. Funk and Hines are gentlemen who move in quite another than the "Bath House" circles, and we have their word for it that the honorable senator's "election" fund was subscribed and disbursed in the eminently respectable precincts of the Union League Club. It is comforting to have this assurance. One shudders at the thought of what deep disgrace would have befallen the nation had it been disclosed that such low and coarse persons as Hinky Dink and Bath House John had soiled with their vulgar hands the \$100,000 fund which "secured" the "election" of the honorable Mr. Lorimer. After all, you see, things are rarely so bad as they are painted.

Why must woollen blankets be manufactured in California? The answer is that they must not. But that is not all of the story. San Francisco editors are deploring the fact that the "last California woollen mill" at San Jose has at last closed its doors permanently, because "cheap labor" cannot be obtained here. With no purpose to encourage the narrow aims and short-sighted policies of the labor unions, it may still be pointed out that eastern woollen mills are entirely capable of supplying the entire demand for blankets and that there are a thousand others avenues of endeavor in the west to engage capital and industrial energies without forcing them into competition with the east. Abnormally forced industries are of no permanent advantage to the west. In California, if the land could be made accessible to small investors, there are a thou-

sand small investors, there are a thousand different industries peculiar to the state and to the conditions prevailing on this coast. Just to mention one, casually cited in the Argonaut, which mournfully deplores the closing of the woollen mill: "The department of agriculture has proved, through experimentation, that \$150 worth of denatured alcohol can be produced per acre from the fruit of four years' growth of the cacti (tunas). This means that a quarter section of now arid land can be made to yield a gross income of \$24,000 almost perpetually." Let the east produce what it can best and cheapest make, and let the west develop more fully those immense natural resources and occupations the nature of which is as yet but barely comprehended.

Not quite so much haste in prejudging the guilt of the men arrested for dynamiting the Times plant would be more in keeping with the traditions of English law that the accused shall be considered innocent until proved guilty. It would also be in good taste. It is a terrible crime of which these men are accused, the wanton and useless destruction of twenty-one lives against which they nor their organization could have had no actual or even fanciful grievance. If the guilt of the president of the iron workers' union shall be proved, that will probably be the death knell of unionism in this country, in so far as unionism shall mean anything more than a fraternal and beneficial organization. As a political force, as a factor in the present economic struggle, unionism is at best a temporary, narrow and futile agent. It can and does accomplish but little aside from spasmodically forcing higher wages for its members. When it resorts to wanton physical violence—well, the people of this country will not tolerate it. Such warfare as that which destroyed the Times building is not even so susceptible of condonance as was the rioting of the Paris mob that spitted the heart of Marie Antoinette. It is not only gruesomely criminal, but strangely, primitively futile. That such could be the serious program of a body of intelligent workmen in America in this latter day bespeaks a far more precarious social condition than even radical thinkers were willing to admit. With the trial of J. J. McNamara it may be deemed that militant trade unionism in this country is on trial.

Mr. Pulitzer is a little slow at times, but as an indubitable evidence of the solemn fact that he does or can finally reach bottom in his intellectual processes the New York World's declaration that the initiative, referendum, and recall is calculated to make "the power of the majority of the people as absolute as that of the Czar in Russia" may be cited. But how did a New York editor ever find it out? However, Mr. Pulitzer does not state the case with scientific exactness. The initiative, referendum and recall do not make that which already is, but they render effective quickly a power which nature fundamentally placed in the hands of majorities. There is a difference. Would Mr. Pulitzer argue that the Czar of Russia does not wield his absolute power merely upon suffrage of the majority of the people of Russia? Probably he would. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that Russia has a czar merely because at least sixty per cent of the Russian people believe that God placed him on the throne. If they should ever change their minds the initiative, referendum and recall—could it hurriedly be placed in working order in Russia—would be the luckiest thing that ever happened for the czar.

Illinois, in rescinding its old statute which prohibited children from appearing on the stage, is dropping another rusty shackle of restriction and prejudice. There never was an honest reason for barring children from the stage, and in those states where such laws still exist it will be found that sectarian prejudice against the stage as an institution was responsible for the enactment of the law. The claim which used to be made in favor of barring children from the stage was that acting and late hours were injurious to the tender child nature, but the same people who urged this could view with complacency the employment of thousands of little children in insanitary fabric mills on all-night shifts and for from ten to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. The health claim was not even so sincere as is the present sectarian demand for closing the post-office Sundays to give its employees one day of rest in seven, and the latter is specious and disingenuous, to say the least. The postoffice is the only industry in the whole nation, of any size or consequence, that works its employees seven days a week, and it will be changed as soon as public sentiment demands it. Children are treated better on the stage and work amid less unhealthful

surroundings than any children in any industrial occupation. As a rule, their work is all play, they are well fed and housed and clothed, sumptuously so, indeed, compared to any children in the department stores and factories and sweat shops. On the other hand, of course, it is true that children on the stage are likely to be thrown in contact with men and women who care but little for the social hypocrisies, and probably none of whom could qualify for the position of Sunday school teacher in Mr. Rockefeller's church. This is sad, but the Illinois legislature is taking chances that maybe the twenty-five or fifty children who in a year may appear on the stage in that state, may not grow into such terribly debased men and women that they will threaten the security of the state. Any evil influence that their godless lives may exert will probably be more than offset by the ten thousand mill girls, shop girls, sweat shop boys and girls, and a few other thousand reared in the slums where their morals, if not their backs and their stomachs, may be protected by bible tracts and leaflets.

Evidently, the world is not big enough for both the San Francisco Chronicle and the electors of the city of Berkeley; the which is meant as a caustic trope, of course, for in reality both the Chronicle and the electors do inhabit the same terra firma, though evidently not the same mental and moral plane. For while it is nowhere recorded that the citizens of Berkeley have publically stigmatized the Chronicle, the latter in a recent issue declared in bold, plain leaded type lines that, in effect, "there is nobody much more vile and low than the ignorant and execrable creature who voted for Stitt Wilson," the successful mayoralty candidate. Among gentlemen, and even among pot house politicians of the old school, the defeated party used to "take its medicine like a man," and in the prize ring it is a matter of professional ethics for the two bruisers to shake hands both before and after "mixing." But then the Chronicle always was unique in more ways than several.

It is too bad about Ontario. All her neighbors are poking fun at her because her city jail is so small, a "little box" they contemptuously call it. Los Angeles may have many faults, but at least she has a large and handsome city jail, and a county jail to boot, and more land just purchased to build an addition to the latter. What a disgrace it must be for a pretentious city to have only a "little box" of a jail. Can it be that the people of Ontario are not highly civilized?

Having received an apology from the superintendent of the naval academy at Annapolis, Professor Beers of Yale is content to let the matter drop, and the nation will probably not be thrilled by a congressional investigation into the reasons why a young woman who performs useful work for a monthly stipend is considered de trop in exclusive naval circles. Miss Beers is probably capable of associating on equal terms with intellectual people. If she is, then why should she have sought recognition in the aristocracy of idleness and brass buttons? Birds of a feather flock together, and always will, no matter how democratic a nation may become in theory. Burglars and pick-pockets have "sets" of their own into which an outsider were always de trop. Men and women who like to lick their knives and smack their lips at table prefer to associate with themselves and are quick to resent intrusion. Guzzlers and gluttons have little use for those of temperate habits. People who are habitually too tired to think like to gather in exclusive sets where the rule is that nothing but words may be uttered; a person who can think is not wanted in such circles. Tramps who pride themselves on never having worked are exclusive in their social life; a man with horny hands is quickly made to feel that he is in the wrong pew, should he attempt to associate with tramps on terms of equality. People who take an interest in astronomy, or any of the sciences, fall naturally into groups. But the greatest and sharpest social line is drawn between the idlers and workers. The aristocracy of idleness has the rigid exclusiveness of an East Indian caste, and when a person who could belong to any one of the circles of brains, art, or usefulness tries to break into this set of idlers, the remainder of the world is not going to be roused to an expression of sympathy for that foolish person when she is plainly snubbed. In this case Miss Beers has received an official apology but—Birds of a feather flock together.

This sentence of John J. Egan in the New York World is worth noting: "The idle rich are dangerous, and the idle poor are desperate: society must find a way of putting both to work."

Rare Poetic Talent of Caroline Reynolds---By Samuel Travers Clover

CALIFORNIA has produced many poets who have sung in minor keys since the days of Edward Pollock, of Lyman Goodman, Herbert C. Dorr, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edward R. Sill, Richard Realf, Ina D. Coolbrith—the latter of whom alone survives—and the unfortunate Nora French. Miss Coolbrith has written many pleasing metrical fancies, creditable alike to her heart and mind, and the unhappy Miss French gave promise of a depth of poetic expression that led one to expect great things from her pen, when, alas, she wooed and won death in the arms of the Pacific she loved. But of all the California poets of greater or lesser degree who have sung in the last half century, none has so appealed to me as possessing the true inspiration of poesy, the ability to soar to illimitable heights as the young Caroline Reynolds of Los Angeles, whose gripping poetry readers of *The Graphic* have been given ample opportunity to enjoy in the last three years.

Where gained she the wonderful insight into the human breast that her writings reveal? Her rhythmical facility, her fine imagery, her metaphors, her deftness of touch evince anything but a 'prentice hand. She plays upon all emotions and in none does she sound a false note. Feminine as is her theme, in the main, her venturings into the realm of nature are none the less poetical, lilting and charming. If she has a fault it is a proneness to indulge in somber bodings, but this is a tendency that the coming years will cure. Miss Reynolds is only 22. She has been writing since she was 15; it is only in the last three or four years, however, that her work has emerged from its chrysalis novitiate and taken on the hue of the master product. Is this undue praise? I think not. Who is there today in this country, save, perhaps, Lizette Reese, who could have given us the exquisite suggestion noted in "Spring's Couriers."

Hear you not the south wind calling,
Where the first new leaves are falling,
Down the green-turfed aisles of wildwood where
The birds wing to and fro?
Hear you not the brooklet tinkling,
Where the apple blooms are sprinkling,
O'er the leafy latticed shadows in the meadows
Lying low?

Hear you not the spring's soft singing,
Down the fragrant pathway ringing,
Sobbing, laughing, whilst it touches chords you
Thought were turned to stone?
Like an old love's lamp relighted,
From the ashes gray ignited,
Burning with a flame far fiercer than your heart
Has ever known?

In your heart they find their answers,
Brook and wind and shadow dancers,
Bringing back the dreams of springtime with their
Vibrant, mystic lore;
Heed you then the wind's low calling,
Follow where the brook is brawling,
Down the lane of sweet remembrance to the days
That are no more.

Is it not redolent of the reawakened earth, of
Brooks released, of saucy winds, of mystic spring-
time? Equally lilting, equally fascinating in its
ethereal picturing is her "Song of April." It is
not of a robust maiden she sings. Her April is
a timid, wistful creature, whose eyes reflect glad-
ness and grief alternately:

Through the valleys, perfume-laden,
Like a timid, wistful maiden,
April dances, softly, shyly, robed in veils of pearly
mist:
Roguish eyes, with mischief smiling,
Fragrant mouth, with sweet beguiling,
Offers to the wooing sun-god virgin lips as yet
Unkissed.

Through the nodding, shadowed grasses,
Singing, gypsy-wise she passes,
Bends to touch the crocus blossom, bends to kiss
The budding leaf;
And at times, beneath her lashes,
Flaming joy fades into ashes,
And she weeps with silent sobbing, shaken by a
World-old grief.

Yielding to the wind's mad pleasure,
O'er the hills she trips a measure,
Dancing with the darting linnets through the
Dreamy springtime haze;
Where she hears the wind's wild laughter,
Always she must follow after,
Till she finds the trail that darkens in the land of
Yesterdays.

Many poets have sung of June. It lends itself
To sweet music as naturally as the wild roses it
Calls into being exude delicate fragrance. Here

is this young California poet's tribute to the
dreamy month:

Drowsy-eyed, the misty morning
Thrills a vibrant note of warning
Over wind-swept hills and valleys to the fleetly-
fading night.
Shadows slumber by the river,
Where the reedy rushes quiver,
Earth awaits the kiss of sunshine, palpitant with
Love's delight.
Through the blowing branches winging,
Blithesome birds are softly singing,
Birds and bees and river chanting one exultant,
Lilting rune.
Croon the swaying, sighing grasses,
Where the wifful west wind passes,
Like a rose the day has blossomed. Life is sweet.
The month is June.

Another beautiful touch is discovered in her
eight-line stanza, "September," whose only fault
is its brevity. Glance at this genre picture:

Haze of Indian summer shimmers
Where the sky-line faintly glimmers,
Purple grapes in clinging clusters peer from out
Their dewy leaves.
In the meadows ripe for reaping,
Harvest elves are slyly sleeping,
Linnets scold in shrill staccato underneath the
Hanging eaves.
Drone of bees in honeyed thickets,
Twilight plaint of lonely crickets,
Fresh sweet winds from fecund ranchos, salt sea
Winds across the strand.
Golden days of golden splendor,
Nights of scented dusk and tender,
All the year is at its zenith. Rich September rules
The land.

In her "Misty Interlude" I seem to detect a
little sob, as of a prelude to a greater subject.
Listen:

The ragged wisps of wind sweep down
Across the chimney tops of town,
And hurl the swaying swirls of smoke against my
Misted pane.
They toss the leaves across the earth,
With undertones of elfin mirth,
And taunt with vagrant little gusts the creaking
Weather vane.
In maddened glee they whirl on high,
And from the windows of the sky
They blow a wan and wistful web—the curtains
Of the rain.

Now, read her gripping poem, which she has
fitly named "The Ghost"—the wraith of a dear,
Dead love:

I wandered through the midnight streets, where
Sleep had thrown its thrall,
And came into the dimming room—the fire was
Sullen red;
The dreadful silence shrouded me with subtle, pal-
lid pall,
(Without the rain intoned a dirge, the music of
The dead).

You sat and gazed into the flames, your eyes like
Searing coals,
I saw your hands that gripped your breast in
Agony of pain,
I heard the racking, tearless sobs that break from
Tortured souls,
(And slow and sad against the roof, I heard the
Autumn rain).

I touched your face. You did not know that I stood
There—so near,
I whispered softly, "It is I, come back to you
From death."
You did not lift your head to me, you did not seem
To hear,
(And like a veil against the pane I saw the rain's
Gray breath).

And oh, the ache that tore my soul that you should
Mourn me so,
And I could give no peace to you, nor fold you to
My heart.
(The room was dark as I went out, the fire had
Smouldered low,
I heard the weeping of the rain above the sleep-
ing mart.)

That eerie fourth line, with its recurring re-
frain, is like the motif in one of Tchaikowsky's
compositions; its gray tone pervades, and grips
and holds with its insistent clutch. But what a
subject for a girl of tender years to have chosen!
I think, of all her wonderful poems—and they
are wonderful to me, considering, as I do, the
diffidence, the shrinking modesty of this talented
young singer—the one that has greatest appeal
to my soul is her beautiful limning of "Twilight,"

whose exquisite closing lines are of haunting
beauty:

Twilight and silence steal from the sea, somber and
solemn and still;
Weird is the cry of the lonely loon, calling his mate
From the hill.
Love, wrap us close in your kindly veil, whisper
Your faith in our ear,
Lest our hearts faint with the dying day, lest we
Grow craven with fear.

Whispers the wind in the shrinking reeds down on
The dusky lagoon;
Sad with the ache of its ancient grief answers the
Sea's mournful croon.
Love, clasp our hands in a grasp of steel, whisper
Your faith in our ear;
Tell us that hope shall not perish with day, lest we
Grow craven with fear.

Wounds on the breast of the slumbrous night quiver
The roses like blood,
Petals that fall like the summer rain drift with
The murmuring flood.
Love, kiss our cheeks with your fragrant lips, whis-
per your faith in our ear;
Tell us our roses shall outlast the day, lest we grow
Craven with fear.

Silver and gray fall the mad moon's rays, weaving
The black water's loom,
Glittering, glowing, the gleaming light shines
Through the darkening gloom;
Love, hold us close while the dark hour fades, whis-
per your faith in our ear;
Lest our hearts faint with the dying day, let us
Grow craven with fear.

In a cheerier vein is her "Song of the Wind-
ing Road," with its breath of outdoors, its glori-
ous escape from conventions, its exultant cry
of the long pent-in spirit that has found its wild
kin:

The streets lie broad and fair and clean, and yellow
With the sun,
The busy crowds pass up and down—each face
A book to read;
And women laugh like sweet-toned bells that sound
When day is done,
A thousand joys lie near to me—each one may
Find his need.

But I—I know a winding road that runs across a
Hill,
Where shading trees sway to and fro and whis-
per tales of love;
The soft wind lips among the leaves and all is
Sweet and still,
And through the canopy of green I see the sky
Above.

And I—I know a sheltered glen, where ferns and
Mosses grow,
And when the raindrops patter down or wraith-
like mists creep in,
I build my fire of pungent twigs and dream within
Its glow;
And feel the wild things of the woods to my own
Soul are kin.

There's silken swish of women's skirts adown the
City streets;
And life throbs hot and fierce and keen with
Pulse of good and ill;
But in my heart a gypsy sings a song that's pass-
ing sweet,
And I go forth to find a road that winds across
A hill.

There is a pathos in her "Lethe" that makes
One wonder by what inductive process this young
girl, so directly, so surely divined a tragedy that
only those who have suffered much could possi-
bly voice. What dead poet of the long ago has
been implanted within her breast, thus to utter
Such heartbreaks?

I have forgotten the scent of the rose that lurked in
The dusky lane,
The song of the bird in the whimpering reeds, the
Call of the summer rain;
I have forgotten the whispering corn that mocked
At the wanton breeze,
The smell of the earth and the blossoming things,
The arch of the green-robed trees.

I have forgotten the story you told, that night in
The twilight glow,
The first timid kiss that I yielded you there that
Night of the long ago;
I have forgotten the light in your eyes, your hand
On my burning cheek;
The throb of your heart and the thrill of your voice,
The words that you scarce could speak.

I have forgotten the song of the sea, the toll of the
Old church bell,
That rang through the dusk of the midsummer eve
And gathered us into its spell;

I have forgotten the castle we built, the castle beyond recall,
The vows that were spoken, the hearts that were broken—I have forgotten them all.

What a splendid picture she has drawn of the great waste of waters stretching out from the Pacific shores, bathed in the glow of the refulgent moon. It is a canvas that causes one to gasp in its contemplation:

Up from the maw of the great unknown that lies
at the rim of the world,
Over the horizon dim and dark, the disk of the
moon is hurled,
Weaving a pathway of splendid fire, a path on the
water's breast.
(Down in the darkness the sea sobs low a plaint
of its great unrest.)

Far in the dusk of the sheltered bay, unmindful of
wind and tide,
Heaped with the fruits of the toil of men, the
schooners at anchor ride;
Somber they loom in the spectral dusk, as ghosts
on a phantom sea.
(Murmuring cries of the drowsy gulls come up from
the shadowy quay.)

Gentle the breeze as it voices low a whisper of
love's desire
Tosses the spin-drift into our eyes, aglow with the
moonlight's fire;
Sing to me, Love, of the sad sea's call. (The moon
shadows fade and die;
Nothing remains in my silent world, but you and
the sea and the sky.)

I wish I had unlimited space to treat, as the subject deserves, of the marvellous depths probed by this young poet; of the passionate emotions, on which she plays with so subtle a touch, of her untrite philosophy, of her mystic longings, her dreamy imaginings, her poetic fancies. In the several examples I have given, I have barely revealed her facility, her technique, the entire absence of the commonplace from her vocabulary. I wish I could reproduce here the soul-stirring lines of her "Surrender," the unutterable sadness that finds expression in her "Nepenthe," the optimism that breaks forth in her "Hope's Uplift," the proud joy contained in the three stanzas entitled "Courage," the sweet resignation that breathes in the poem oddly named "Scars." They are gems of poetic utterance that Laurence Hope might have been proud to own or Theodosia Garrison to acknowledge. "Maternity" ranks with her finest outpourings. "Unseen of the Wise Men" is idyllic in its simple beauty and the delicacy of her touch seen in "induction" is a delight to all lovers of the artistic. Let me close this appreciation of Miss Reynolds' poetic genius by quoting one of her tenderest bits of verse. It reads like a benediction:

May there be twilight when the last call comes for
me,
Twilight of melancholy dusk and gentle gray.
May there be peace, and through the mist a toll-
ing bell
Pealing its mournful message to the dying day.
May there be one of all most dear to hold my hand,
Clasping it close as through the Vale of Shades
I go;
May there be one to sing a drowsy lullaby,
Hushing my soul to sleep with cadence deep and
low.

May there be twilight when the twilight falls for
me,
May I be fearless as the night enfolds the day.
And, as I pass to rest, may there float softly in,
Only the laughter of a little child at play.

Am I wrong in believing that the country will presently discover a poet of no mediocre attainments in this quiet, unobtrusive young woman? I think not. Already several discerning magazine editors have accepted samples of her work and extended invitations for more. A member of the editorial staff of The Graphic, a graceful writer of prose, and an acute critic of the drama in addition to her poetic talents, she is, in my opinion, destined to win wide recognition for her remarkable talents before she is much older.

Thompsons Must Stand Trial

Barring the unexpected, Fred H. Thompson, the lawyer accused of converting to his own use upward of \$30,000 stolen by a former postal employe from the government, will have to stand trial May 16. Thompson has recently undergone a hospital operation, at a time when the government officials professed to be convinced that he was shamming, in order that his case might be continued. His wife also is accused, as her husband's alleged accomplice. Both are out on bail. The principal witness against them, who confessed to the stealing from the postoffice, was brought to Los Angeles from Leavenworth prison several weeks ago.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

WE are all worshipping this week at the shrine of superlative Sara, even those who cannot gain entrance at the Columbia Theater. For Bernhardt is not merely an actress; she is the wonder-woman of this or any other age. Here she gives ten performances in seven days, producing eight different plays—one, Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," new to her repertoire—and to crown the week's work she will give the ninth play, "Phedre," in the Greek Theater at Berkeley next Monday. Such would be a record for any actor—nine plays in eight days—but for a woman who won her first honor in drama nearly half a century ago, is it not miraculous? Bernhardt was received here early last Sunday morning by her fellow countrymen with the homage due a queen. The leaders of the French colony illumined the dingy depot at Third and Townsend streets for the royal arrival. They greeted her with profound obeisance and with a poem written by Consul Henri Merou. And excellent verse it was. Untranslatable into our less ecstatic tongue, it painted the glories and graces of Bernhardt's golden voice. "Super-Eve," "Adorable Mother," "Priestess of Art," "Woman of France of matchless heart and soul" are phrases that shone from Merou's poem. It is just five years since Bernhardt was here, and then she wept over the ruins of a desolated city. Today she tells us that San Francisco is the most wonderful city in the world and we accept this verdict from the most wonderful woman in the world with renewed devotion. Five years ago there was no roof to cover an audience for her here; today, there is no theater large enough to house the thousands who would greet her.

* * *

There is every prospect that we are to have a satiety of local politics this summer. Workers for the mayoralty candidacy of James Rolph, Jr., are busy organizing clubs in every district, and it is certain that they must put their best foot forward if they are to catch up with the complete organization that P. H. McCarthy and his henchmen have already perfected. Pending the issuance of Mr. Rolph's declaration of principles, there is much speculation as to the lines on which the coming battle will be fought. There are those who imagine it will be a straight and open fight on the industrial question, but Mr. Rolph and his principal backers will have to develop a great deal more backbone and courage than they have yet been credited with if they actually intend to throw down the gauntlet of "open shop" for San Francisco. All men realize that the fight is bound to come, sooner or later, unless San Francisco is to continue to lose prestige and wealth as an industrial center. The present outlook is that, whether the Rolph platform declares for industrial freedom or not, the Labor Unionists are preparing to insist that this is the one and real issue of the campaign. There is no longer any talk of antagonism to McCarthy or of dissension among the unionists themselves. Since the developments of the last two weeks in Los Angeles, the labor union ranks have closed and are preparing to present a united front. One of McCarthy's strongest arguments will be that he has succeeded in preserving industrial peace during his term of office, but there are many industries that are realizing that the price of peace is too costly.

* * *

Optimists are predicting that the long deferred settlement of the exposition site question will be made this week. And it is none too soon. The dispute between the final claimants, Golden Gate Park and Harbor View, has reached a dangerously acrimonious stage. "Put it in the park" is undoubtedly the popular slogan, and at this writing it looks as if it would certainly win. There has also been considerable anxiety lest C. C. Moore should refuse the presidency of the exposition company. This important matter, it is promised, also will be settled definitely this week, and then the way will be clear for active operations. Moore's acceptance will mean that harmony has been restored in the board of directors, for on his return from the east last week he announced decisively that unless he could assure himself of complete co-operation he would not accept the position.

* * *

Cloudsley Johns, who for a time, although an ardent apostle of Socialism, was a member of the staff of the Los Angeles Times, makes his debut this week as a publisher. His weekly journal is frankly entitled "Revolt." It is printed in modest black ink, but its sentences sizzle in another color. The new publication is greeted with acclaim by such distinguished leaders of the unrest as Debs, Jack London and William English Walling. Oakland has long boasted a Socialist pa-

per, and its editor, who is blind, has had the distinction of imprisonment. "Revolt" promises to be a lively periodical so long as it lasts.

* * *

Sale of the Risdon Iron Works to the steel trust was reported by an enterprising newspaper this week. The news seems to have surprised the proprietors, who apparently wish it were true. They would be glad enough to realize on their investment, but are not sanguine that the steel trust regards labor conditions here any more favorably than they do themselves.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, May 2, 1911.

"THAIS," A REMARKABLE DRAMA

THAT New York is ready for spectacular drama after its long period of the social or sexual modern problem play is indicated by its reception of Paul Wilstach's dramatization of "Thais" now playing at the Criterion Theater under the management of Joseph Gaites. It is likely that the success of this play will lead to a revival of pictorial drama. Already announcements have been made for next season. The operatic version of Anatole France's novel through Mary Garden's interpretation is already popular. However, there is so much genuine drama in the story that neither music nor the personality of an operatic star is necessary to its impressiveness. The dramatist has departed slightly from the text of both book and opera by lifting the monk from degradation and suggesting the purifying effect of the regeneration of Thais upon his soul. Instead of being left a victim of sordid sin, he is shown with his better self uplifted spiritually by the death of Thais.

* * *

Pictorially, the production leaves nothing to be desired. Both imagination and money have been used lavishly, and the result has been applauded by the public. The first scene which shows the Theban desert stretching far away into the distance, broken here and there by jutting crags, the night sky pierced by the gleam of stars, suggests the remoteness from the world that the monks who have fled from the wickedness of the city have sought. To Daniel comes a vision of the beautiful Thais who long before almost wrought his spiritual undoing and he believes that God is giving him a sign and that he must go to Alexandria to save her soul. His brother monks emerging from their poor huts at his cry, try to rouse him; see that the vision is but a temptation of the devil; save her he feels he must, however, at whatever cost to himself, in spite of their appeals, and he leaves his retreat to go to the wicked city.

* * *

In the next scene is shown the marble terrace before Thais' palace. It is gay with dancing girls, slaves and the noble friends of Nicias, who has surrounded Thais with luxury. Nicias meets his old-time friend, Daniel, and provides him with suitable garments to meet Thais, whose superstitious awe of a hermit will prevent her consenting to see him in his desert garb. To Nicias but one thing can have brought Daniel, the attraction that calls all men to the side of Thais, and he is ready to make a jest of the holy man's passion for the amusement of himself and his friends. It is natural that the gaiety and life of the place should conspire for the moment to cause the monk to lose his case, but counting on her superstition, he says he will go to the gate and there he will remain until Thais sends for him. The superstitious soul of the woman is not able to throw off the impression that he has made on her, and at night, in spite of herself, she sends for him to come to the Temple of Love, in the garden. The scene is one of exquisite beauty. At the suggestion of Nicias, that Daniel, like all men, is under her spell, Thais tempts him. She almost breaks through the monk's sense of personal purity, but in the end he prevails.

* * *

In spite of Thais' allurements he wins the spiritual battle between them. She promises to follow him to the convent of the White Sisters in the desert. Nicias opposes, but she does not waver, though it is borne in upon her that she will lose the luxury that has surrounded her. However, she seems influenced not so much by a real spiritual awakening as by her fear of growing old and being finally deserted by the people who are fawning upon her, now that she is at the height of her beauty and power. Possibly, the most gripping scene in the play is the next where we see Thais and Daniel near the end of their journey in the desert. No word is spoken, but the beauty of the picture is almost indescribable. Fainting, the woman sinks by the wayside under the palms of an oasis and is given into the care of the White Sisters. In the holy re-

treat Thais becomes transformed from a courtesan into a saint. After six months she seems to the sisters a holy being. She is near her death, and she is waiting for her release. Daniel, finally worn by the passion that has assailed him, can stay away no longer. He journeys to seek her and declare his carnal love. But coming in the hour of her death, her spiritual regeneration is strong enough to raise him too to the heights, and as she dies he is absolved. "Wonderful are the ways of the Lord," he says, "who hath sent me to save Thais, the courtesan, that I might be saved by Thais the saint."

* * *

Incidental and entr'acte music is from the original score of Massenet's opera, "Thais." It is used very effectively and serves to provide a rich background for many of the emotional passages. Thais will be popular with those people who give their emotions free reign and who like to have drama and spectacle combined. The play combines admirably the opportunity to show beautiful pictures with that of fine portrayal. Of the large cast the three upon whom the responsibility falls are Mr. Tyrone Power as the monk, Daniel; Arthur Forest as Nicias, and Miss Constance Collier as Thais. Mr. Power is an impressive figure. He does not, however, vary sufficiently his mood to suit the key of the various scenes; he plays too slowly and with an unvarying tempo that suggests too much personal pleasure in the sound of his resonant voice. Regarding Miss Collier, opinions differ. To most people she is everything that may be desired, pleasing both ear and eye. Others find her too statuesque for the lighter, gayer moments of the play.

ANNE PAGE.

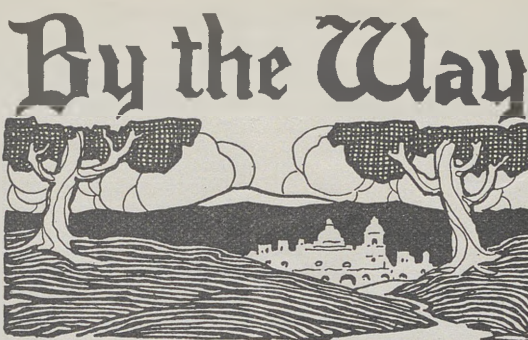
New York, May 1, 1911.

Influx of Noted Statesmen Likely

George F. Edmunds, former United States senator from Vermont, who a few years ago was regarded as the foremost constitutional lawyer in the upper house in Washington, and who for several years has been a resident of Pasadena, is to have as a neighbor in the Crown city, Senator Frye of Maine. The latter is serving his last term, it is said, having decided to withdraw from public life at its expiration. He and Senator Edmunds, lifelong friends, always have maintained an active correspondence, and the Vermonter's letters have been so full of praise of Southern California that his former associate in Washington has about decided, when he deserts politics, to join his quondam colleague, his migration to include members of his family. As former Senators Hale of Maine and Aldrich of Rhode Island also are reported to be in a similar frame of mind, it is beginning to look as if the veteran statesmen of the country before long will be found organizing their own government out near the Arroyo Seco. It was Senator Frye who, when the late Collis P. Huntington was assiduously trying to convince congress that Santa Monica long wharf was the ideal Southern California harbor location, rendered the railroad magnate most effective assistance, which caused the Times, then making the fight for San Pedro, to refer to the Maine senator in anything but complimentary terms. Afterward, Mr. Frye retaliated by holding up General Otis' commission as a volunteer brigadier in the beginning of the Spanish war, but since then the two standpatters have buried the machete.

Salinas Said to be a Patriot

Francisco Salinas, who has been in duress in Los Angeles for a week, accused of murder and robbery in Mexico, is a picturesque character. He comes of a distinguished family across the border, and for a time was a commissioned officer in the Mexican army. He joined the insurgents at an early stage, and in due season was named as head of the provisional army of occupation for the district of Lower California. He persistently frowned upon the pillaging tactics of certain of his following, and when he found that he could not control his men, he came to Los Angeles to interview the junta here, as to ways and means for having his authority respected. Unfortunately for Salinas, he was at once apprehended by American government officers, accused by the Mexican consul here of several alleged crimes and misdemeanors. Salinas insists that he is not guilty of anything more serious than revolution against the existing Mexican government, and that his incarceration here is for the express purpose of having him sent across the Mexican border so that Colonel Kostelitsky's rurales may stand him face to the wall, with a shot in the back as his coup de grace. If this allegation is true, and that Salinas is a genuine patriot, he should not be allowed to be murdered in cold blood, as is certain to be his fate if he is extradited.



Big Things for Clifton-by-the-Sea

I hear that the picturesquely improved ocean resort, Clifton-by-the-Sea, adjoining Redondo Beach to the south, which so long has lain quiescent, is at last to receive vigorous impetus. An unequalled golf course is to be laid out and a \$500,000 hotel, facing the esplanade, will be built. The active handling of this property is to be entrusted to Hugo Johnston, Charles Orr and James Mellus, which trio is peculiarly fitted to attract to this desirable seaside resort the class of residents most likely to invest there. Evidently, the home-coming of Henry E. Huntington will be productive of great activity in more than one direction.

Otheman Stevens Home Again

Otheman Stevens is home from Mexico, and when that veteran of many newspaper adventures says he is glad to be back alive one may be sure the situation in the bedevilled republic to the south is not of the tame. Too bad that Otheman is debarred by his contract from putting into print a few of the countless stories he has gathered in the several months of his sojourn in the disturbed territory. They are not strictly of a news nature, hence cannot be utilized by the Examiner, but they are the nuclei for dozens of rattling good magazine stories, such as Collier's or the Saturday Evening Post would delight to get.

Wears a Camp Fire Button

Col. John E. Stearns is a wizard when it comes to throwing a deep line for big fish. He has broken all records in the past for landing big tunas, yellowtails and other of the fighting finny tribe that haunt Catalina waters, his trophies thereof being numerous. This season he started in by hooking a 44-pound yellowtail—the record catch—and for this display of prowess he now wears the Camp Fire button sent him from New York by Ernest Seton Thompson, the president of the unique organization known as the Camp Fire Club of America. Its sole object is to recognize true sport in forest, sea and field and its buttons in token of approval are highly prized by the recipients. The new disk in the lapel of his coat is the colonel's latest trophy, and he is properly proud of its possession.

Jolt for John Blackwood

John Blackwood, manager of the Belasco Theater, has been experiencing the truth of the adage "more haste, less speed," with a vengeance since he left Los Angeles for the east ten days ago. He had not determined to go until within a few hours of starting and in his hurry he left behind him, at the Alexandria Hotel, a manuscript play of importance, for which he was compelled to telegraph. At Omaha he was taking a stroll when the conductor called "All aboard," and in running to the train he fell heavily on the station platform, sustaining a severe sprain in his right foot. He wired ahead for a doctor, but was obliged to travel to Chicago before receiving surgical attention. Result: One week in hospital. If you see a slow-moving, quiet-spoken, mild-looking individual in the lobbies of the Belasco when he returns, don't be surprised. It will be the reformed-by-suffering John Blackwood.

Poll Tax Goes to School Fund

From Edward Hyatt, superintendent of public instruction, I am in receipt of interesting information in regard to the much despised poll tax. He points out that under a mandatory provision of the constitution this tax is credited to the school fund and to none other. It is the only tax that reaches the Japanese, Hindoos and Chinese, and that countless army of restless rovers having no fixed home, but who work here and there, paying their poll tax only under compulsion and when it is withheld by their employers from their pay envelopes. For 1909-10 the poll tax collections in the state totalled only \$688,000 in round figures, or \$1.49 for every child enumerated under the school census. The collections should have amounted to \$1,500,000, but for the careless methods employed in many counties. Not in Los An-

geles, however, since our offering yields an average of \$1.80 for each census child, or 31 cents more than the average for the state. San Francisco, to be invidious, contributes \$1.21, or 28 cents below the average. It may be a solace to the poll tax payer to know that his assessment is for a good cause and perhaps he will be less inclined to dodge payment in future having this assurance.

Sunsetters to Invade Squirrel Inn

For their annual outing frolic the Sunsetters have selected as a proper setting picturesque Squirrel Inn, which they will reach via automobiles, leaving Los Angeles Saturday morning, May 27, and returning Tuesday afternoon, May 30, Decoration Day. It is planned to make this outing a joyous occasion, and Sunsetter John E. Fishburn, at whose invitation the club visits the famous mountain resort, has a number of pleasant surprises in store to supplement the ingenuities of the program committee in that direction. There will be things doing every minute.

Good Appointment by the Governor

Of the many excellent appointments to office made by Governor Johnson, none is more felicitous than the naming of W. E. McVey, vice president of the German-American Savings Bank, to a trusteeship on the board of the Whittier Reform School. Mr. McVey is deeply interested in all philanthropies pertaining to the amelioration of the lot of mankind, and as a member of the Whittier school he will have opportunity to give practical expression to his views in behalf of errant juveniles capable of being led into the paths of good citizenship by judicial discipline and training.

Col. "Bob" Ingram All Right

Friends of Col. "Bob" Ingram, whose headquarters have been in Guaymas ever since he left Los Angeles, nearly three years ago, are inclined to worry about him, but when he was here two weeks ago he expressed no fears as to conditions in Sonora. He has been in charge of Southern Pacific railway operations along the west coast, under Epes Randolph, and his great tactfulness has made him a favorite with the Mexican population.

Jonathanites to be Undisturbed

Paul Shoup having been elected a member of the Jonathan Club, it is believed that a new lease of the club's present quarters in the Pacific Electric building is assured. This in spite of a story in circulation to the effect that before the club's present rental term has expired, in about four years, Henry E. Huntington will have his Los Angeles Railway skyscraper, at Eleventh and Main streets, completed, with a proposition to the Jonathanites to move their lares and penates thither. Mr. Huntington, by the way, again has been nominated as a Jonathan director, and in all likelihood he will be re-elected as titular head of the organization.

More Ready Money for the General

Gen. H. G. Otis and his associates, owning what is known as the French steel plant near San Diego, are about to dispose of their holdings to a Pittsburg syndicate, it is said, back of which is a coterie of London capitalists. General Otis is to go east in a few days, to be present at a conference in Pittsburg, when the expected transfer is to be made. It is reported that several million dollars will figure in the deal.

New Congressional Apportionment

In the event that the new congressional apportionment is on a basis of 211,877 population, as is reported, Los Angeles city will have two members of the lower house in Washington, in addition to part of another district being located within the limits of Los Angeles county. At present the city has one member, with the remainder of Southern California being linked to the Bakersfield district. The new figures will give to Southern California three seats, leaving the section north of the Tehachapi to pick the other new man, to which the state as a whole will be entitled.

California in the Senate

Senator George C. Perkins gets the place on the canal committee held in the last congress by Senator Frank P. Flint. Senator Works sought the assignment, it is said, but it was conceded to the senior member from California. Perkins is chairman of naval affairs, second on appropriations, on commerce, and on a few others of lesser importance. He might be able to serve his constituency to great advantage but for his physical incapacities which militate against his usefulness. Senator Works, as a member of the committee on industrial expositions, will be in position to

render assistance to the San Diego fair. Also, he will have supervision of legislation affecting the San Francisco exposition, thus proving of material assistance to the committee of his friends appointed by the governor in behalf of the state.

Petroleum Tracts Change Ownership

Europe and the east continue to take over large areas of California petroleum lands, the latest absorption of this character being the Brea canyon holdings controlled by former Police Commissioner Graham and his associates. G. G. Gillett has disposed of this property to a Denver syndicate for upward of \$5,000,000, the commission in the transaction having been about \$150,000. Several tracts in the same vicinity are said to be under option, and if half the stories in circulation are to be believed, the coming summer is to witness a remarkable activity in this particular.

Must Depend on Outside Judges

As I indicated was likely to be the case, Governor Hiram Johnson has negated the proposal for two additional Los Angeles county superior judges by pocketing the Gates bill. There is a diversity of opinion in regard to the wisdom of the executive's course. Good lawyers believe that in the next two years outside judges will have to be called in continually to assist in relieving the congestion of the trial dockets at the court house. Usually there are at least two non-resident judges trying cases here whose expenses have to be met, so that the county gains nothing, economically considered. Perhaps the governor was averse to naming the tentative candidates the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders had recommended that he declined to sign the bill.

Notable Trials Ahead

When the trial of the McNamara brothers is set Los Angeles is bound to occupy a large share of newspaper space in the United States in the ensuing weeks or months. I understand that several of the best-known news correspondents in the world are to be detailed for service here this summer, as one of the results of Detective Burns' capture. Stephen Bonsal, now in the City of Mexico, will report the trials for the New York Herald and a syndicate, and Samuel W. Blythe is to have the assignment for the New York World. Frederick Palmer will assemble the facts for Collier's and Arthur Ruhl will assist. Samuel W. Small will represent the Associated Press, while London, Paris and Berlin papers will be represented. Taken altogether, Los Angeles is in a fair way to be confronted with an energetic summer.

Press Club Should be Organized

Local newspaper men should find this the psychological moment to reorganize the old press club for the purpose of entertaining visiting journalists who will be here for an indefinite period. The latter would appreciate the courtesies a press headquarters would offer, and our working daily newspaper men should lose no time in enlisting support in this movement.

No Bitter Partisanship Here

Judge O. N. Hilton and John S. McGroarty were the principal speakers at the ceremonies incidental to the new city hall dedication in Pomona last week, at which the Southern California Editorial Association attended. Judge Hilton, formerly of Denver, has recently come into ken as possible attorney for the alleged Times dynamiters, while Mr. McGroarty for a number of years has been a valued member of the Times editorial staff. It is only fair to say that the two orators were invited to be present long before the news of Detective Burns' coup d'état transpired. That the two should have spoken from the same platform, without protest, is proof of the absence of anything like partisan feeling in the community against the dynamite suspects.

How Sleuths Regard Dynamite Suspects

How these detectives love one another! There is not a sleuth, in private practice in Los Angeles, who does not sneer when he is asked his opinion as to the strength of the case against the alleged Times dynamiters, now in the county jail. With the detectives attached to Captain Flammer's staff, who went east to be present at the apprehension of the accused, the feeling is altogether different. All of the latter profess a conviction that Detective Burns has a perfect case and that he will be able to convict the two McNamaras. As to McManigle, it is believed that he will plead guilty and ask for mercy, declining absolutely to be represented by counsel at any stage in the pending proceedings. The cases, before they are ended, are likely to cost the county in excess of a hundred thousand dollars. To this time it has not been decided whether or not the two McNamaras

are to be tried together. It has been agreed by the defense that there shall be no request for a change of venue from Los Angeles.

La Follette to Come Back

Senator Robert La Follette is to visit Los Angeles before the end of the year. He has been invited to deliver an address before the City Club, and it is understood that he has tentatively accepted. The Wisconsin senator, who is an avowed presidential candidate, has rather antagonized a certain faction of his former Los Angeles political following because of his recently pronounced stand in favor of the right of union labor to organize certain government employees. I know of members of the Union League Club who insist that in no circumstances will they accept such heresy as genuine Republicanism. Letters have been sent from here to Washington requesting Mr. LaFollette to break away from this obnoxious political alliance. Senator Cummins of Iowa is another pronounced insurgent likely to visit Southern California this summer, in the event that congress adjourns in time to permit him to make the trip to the Pacific coast. It is understood that Senator Cummins will come west over one of the northern routes, stopping in Seattle, Portland and San Francisco on his way south. It is upward of twelve years since the distinguished Iowan was in Los Angeles. Both he and the city have grown perceptibly in the interim.

City Club to Present Gov. Wilson

Tally one more for the energetic City Club. First of the tentative presidential candidates to address a Los Angeles audience under the auspices of this famous civic club was Col. Theodore Roosevelt, and now follows Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, who speaks from the same rostrum, in the Auditorium, next Saturday evening, May 13. If, as rumored, President Taft decides to revisit the coast this summer, that the City Club will add still another laurel to its collection by presenting the chief executive to a representative audience, I haven't a doubt.

Taft May Revisit Coast

From Washington a story seeps in to the effect that President Taft may revisit the Pacific coast next year, in which event Los Angeles, of course, will entertain him. The President enjoyed his previous visit so much that he has been saying to California callers at the White House that he intended, sooner or later, to return.

Lower California Insurrectos Divided

From Mexicali comes a story to the effect that the so-called insurrecto army in that vicinity is split into numerous factions, each of which is jealous of the other, and that anything like unanimity of action against the common enemy is impossible. At this writing it appears to be a contest of endurance between the American and the Mexican adventurers who largely comprise the army of liberation. The Maderoists never have recognized the Lower California insurrectos, and in the event of peace terms being definitely agreed upon at Juarez, it is declared that the De Lara-Magon crowd, which maintains a junta in Los Angeles, will not be willing to abide by it.

Representative Smith Improving

That Congressman S. C. Smith of Bakersfield is improving in health is good news to his constituents, many of whom have been making anxious inquiries as to the real condition of their representative in the lower house in Washington. The member from the Eighth California district has had a hard siege, and for a time the outlook for ultimate recovery was dubious. It is doubtful, however, if he will be well enough to attend the present extra session of congress.

Socialist Candidate for Mayor

Job Harriman, who is likely to make the race for mayor as the Socialist candidate, was that party's vice presidential aspirant two years ago. He has been a practicing attorney in Los Angeles for years, and at the coming trial of the McNamara brothers, his candidacy may cut ice. At this early date it looks as if the preliminary municipal tryout will be between Harriman, W. F. Humphries, public works commissioner, and George Alexander, with the final test between the Socialist and the so-called Good Government candidate.

High Lights on New Laws

Governor Johnson has signed the act appropriating \$25,000 toward the proposed national Grand Army encampment to be held in Los Angeles next year, which probably assures the meeting to this city. The governor also has approved the bill setting aside \$25,000 for a free hospital to be established here, as part of the

state university. He also has signed the Hewitt tidelands bill, the Hurd San Pedro pilotage bill and the Benedict 99-year lease. He gave to the proposed law appropriating \$60,000 toward the maintenance of a state exhibit at Agricultural Park a pocket veto. I regret to say that he disapproved the state anti-bucketshop bill. San Francisco's influence appeared to be too strong even for his backbone.

Versatile Ann Partlan

I am reminded by reading a short poem, "The Soul of Poetry," in the current Ainslee's, that the versatile author, Ann Partlan, is at present sojourning in Los Angeles. Miss Partlan has what I term an ambidextrous mind. She gained approbation in the publicity end of newspaper work for her original ideas, and although still in the twenties, has been identified with several of the largest retail mercantile establishments in New York and Boston, where her work was highly regarded. In search of rest and recreation, she has journeyed to the Pacific coast. For a change, she is now furnishing copy to the editorial end of publications and one of her short stories will appear in Ainslee's, next month. Miss Partlan was privileged to call the late Edmund Clarence Stedman friend, having known the banker-poet from her childhood. Her beautiful tribute to Mr. Stedman is included in the "Life and Letters" of the poet, edited by his granddaughter, Laura Stedman. It had the distinction of being quoted in full by Richard Watson Gilder in Carnegie Hall at the occasion of the New York Stock Exchange memorial to the dead poet. Miss Partlan is a fine example of the young woman in business, whose work has commanded the respect and admiration of men who have grown gray in the publicity service.

Big Medical Gathering in June

Los Angeles is to entertain several hundred of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons in the country for the week beginning June 26, when the American Medical Association will hold its sixty-second annual session in this city. England, Germany and France, in addition to other foreign countries, are to send delegates to the convention, which will prove one of the most notable of the year. The visitors are to be lavishly entertained while they are in Southern California. Twice before this great association has met in annual session on the coast, once in San Francisco and once in Portland. A fine program has been arranged for the delectation of the visitors.

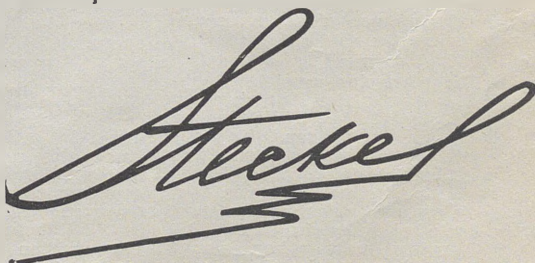
File Applications Early

Postmaster Harrison has a \$1400 a year billet to allot to the right person, Oscar H. Reinhold, custodian of the federal building, having resigned to accept a position as engineer in the mining bureau at Washington. He had held the local place only about three months, passing the civil service examination at the time that George H. Fitch relinquished the post. Reinhold, before that time, had passed the examination for engineer, which work is much more remunerative than the custodianship. With the latter he severs his connection as purchasing agent for the government, under the postmaster's supervision. The position is practically a sinecure.

Ocean Park Gets Good Fire Fighter

Ed Smith, former assistant fire chief, in the days when Walter Moore was at the head of the bureau, has been placed in charge of the fire department at Ocean Park. Smith is a pioneer of this city, having been constable of Los Angeles in the late eighties. At one time he was a member of the local police force. Ed is an authority on horses, and is regarded as one of the best fire fighters in the United States. Ocean Park is to be felicitated on acquiring his services.

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Music

By Blanche Rogers Lott

The last two performances of the Russian Orchestra will long be remembered by those who realized the importance of the concerts and attended them. Special interest was concentrated in the Rachmaninoff Symphony and it proved a noble composition, full of lofty melodies richly harmonized. There is not a tiresome moment in the four movements, but on one hearing the first and last movements especially stand out. Mme. Dimitrieff was at her best in the aria from Pique Dame (Tchaikowsky), a song in her native tongue, and with much musical intelligence. Frank Ormsby, the tenor, has a beautiful, smooth voice, and uses it well when he does not force it, but he employs a lot of profuse effort, which is a pity. Mme. Hulse has a gorgeous vocal equipment but has been too content with the gift of a voice. Mr. Schwann is a serious, musicianly singer. The earnest musicians and genuine lovers of music are grateful to Mr. Behymer for bringing this fine organization here. Of the more than one thousand teachers in this city, certainly few availed themselves of this musical food, and if the attitude of teachers is never to hear the best concerts that are given here, the effect on these instructors' pupils is to be deplored. The private schools should attend such concerts in a body, as they would go to an exhibit of pictures. One hears of the superior advantages of Europe on account of the artistic atmosphere there, and then when part of this rarified atmosphere is put under our noses at bargain prices the local manager, out of his own pocket, pays the bill.

It is doubtful if a more cleverly conceived and delightfully carried out program was ever given here than the one given by Mrs. Estelle Heartt-Dreyfus before the Friday Morning Club last week. "Rhymes and Rhythms of Romance" was the subject and at the close of the illustrative program, which was preceded by an instructive paper, one felt an acquaintance with gypsy music and a glimpse of their life. Mrs. Dreyfus was in excellent voice and sang every number with rare intelligence. Assisting the singer were Mrs. Cannon Robinson, pianist, and Mr. Simonson, cellist, who added material to the morning by adequate renditions of their interesting numbers. The program entire was: "Cello, Gypsy Heart, an excerpt from a Sarasate dance; piano, Rakoczy March (Liszt); Songs: The Sacrifice (ancient Slavonic), Czardas (Hungarian, arranged by Korbay), La Gitana (old Spanish). "Cello, Berceuse (Slavonic, by Neruda). Songs from Gypsy texts: The Lovers, Cif (Brahms); Freedom. Songs My Mother Taught Me (Dvorak). "Cello, Rhapsodie (Popper). Songs: Chi vual la Zingarella (Paisiello); Where My Caravan Rested (Lohr); Habanera (Bizet).

Eastward soon the resting American musician will wend his way, coronating in London, grand prizing in Paris, lingering in Munich, defatting in Marienbad, expositing in Rome, and might sunning in Scandinavia, muses the Musical Courier. Those chromatic sounds now audible over all our land are the deep sighs of contentment emitted by thousands of pianos and other musical instruments as they think of their coming summer of noiseless and locked-up leisure.

Among Los Angeles musicians who have for Europe for the Munich opera season are Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker. Mr. Becker has every reason to be proud of the achievement of his pupil, Olga Steeb, who has made good in Berlin and other cities by her gigantic task of playing nine concertos within a short time in Berlin which might be called a musical hornet's nest when young American artists are in the air.

Los Angeles should be ably represented in San Francisco at the Music Teachers' Association of California at

its annual convention in July. The San Francisco branch is prospering under the guidance of that city's leading musicians, Louis H. Eaton being president, Dr. Wolle of Bach festival fame vice president, and the printed list of members presents the most important names in the northern city's musical circles. In Los Angeles the down-to-date musicians who have only recently come here are the most interested in this branch, for they have seen the practical benefits of similar societies in the east, but many of the resident teachers who are established satisfactorily show signs of complacency and are asleep over this important organization. There is no limit to the advantages to teachers if the Southern California Teachers' Association is carried on with unity and ability, and this simply requires the unselfish interest of every teacher not answering the question, "What will I gain," but "Will my membership and concord assist general musical conditions?"

Arthur Alexander, tenor, offers the following program at his recital Wednesday evening at Blanchard Hall. The program even surpasses his first one, including a most interesting group by American composers. The numbers are: Caro mio ben (Giordano); Oder mio dolce Ardor (Gluck); Vittoria (Carissimi); Chi vual la zingarella (Paisiello); Bist du bei mir (Bach); Wonne der Wehmuth (Beethoven); Minnerlied, Feldeinsamkeit Standchen (Brahms); Das Fischermädchen, Die Forelle (Schubert); Auftrage, Ich grolle nicht (Schumann); Automne (Faure); Il pleure (Debussy); Santoches (Debussy); Sais-tu? (de Fontenaines); Le Plongeur (Widor); Coyote (La Forge); June (Rummel); How's My Boy? (Homer); Love Song (Halsche); The Eagle (Busch).

Programs which should interest every musician and the citizens of Los Angeles will be given by the combined elementary schools and high schools of the city, May 18 and 19, at the Auditorium, afternoons and evenings. The afternoon programs will be given by the eighth grade chorus, primary grade orchestra, grammar grade orchestra, and glee clubs of the various grades. The evenings' programs will be presented by the Girls Glee Club, the Boys Glee Club, the combined high school orchestras and choruses. The committee in charge is composed of the instructors of music in the schools. They include Gertrude B. Parsons, Kathryn E. Stone, Verna C. Blythe, Jennie L. Jones, Mary E. Groves, Mr. Hugo Kirkhofer, Carrie V. Truslow and Alma L. Stickel.

For its second concert of this season the First Congregational Orchestra is preparing a program of more than usual attractiveness. The principal feature of the concert to be given Friday evening, May 12, will be a lyric poem, "La Canzona Bei Rivord" (Song of Memories) in seven cantos, sung by Mrs. Estelle-Heartt Dreyfus, with orchestra setting by Giusetti Martucci. Other numbers of interest are scheduled for this program.

George Hamlin's many friends here will be interested to know he has been engaged by Dippel for the Chicago grand opera, to make his debut in November in "Natoma," Herbert's new opera.

Percy MacKaye's Graciousness

Percy MacKaye has demonstrated himself a believer of the theories which he so ably set forth in a recent magazine article on the "Civic Theater," by granting permission to the Cumnoek Dramatic Club of this city to produce his delightful comedy, "Mater." He has written Miss Willamene Wilkes, director of the club, in part:

"My Dear Miss Wilkes: In reply to your letter, forwarded to me from 'The Drama,' I am very glad to give you permission to play 'Mater,' provided the

performances are not given professionally or on a professional stage. . . I am interested to hear of your club, and decidedly I believe its activities are important in promoting the civic theater to be. If you give 'Mater,' will you please send me a program?"

"Mater," the third play given by the club this year, is booked for a matinee performance Tuesday of next week at Cumnoek Hall. Earlier in the season one of Oscar Wilde's plays, and "Don," by Rudolph Besier, were presented. Mr. MacKaye has expressed himself as greatly interested in the work of the club and its aims, embracing as they do a study of the more serious dramas that are seldom, if ever, found on stock programs. Cumnoek Dramatic Club, which has a limited membership of eight, is composed at present of Misses Pauline Bush, Maud Howell, Dora Holmes and Willamene Wilkes, all of Cumnoek School of Expression, and Messrs. Raymond Freeman, Everett Maxwell, Harold Mosher and Marshall Mackey. Occasionally, persons outside of the club membership are called upon to assist in the presentations. At the Woman's Parliament last week the club's program was one of the pleasing features of that gathering.

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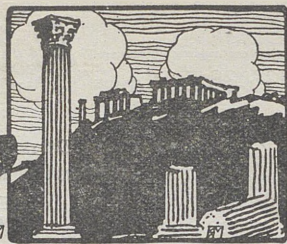
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Art



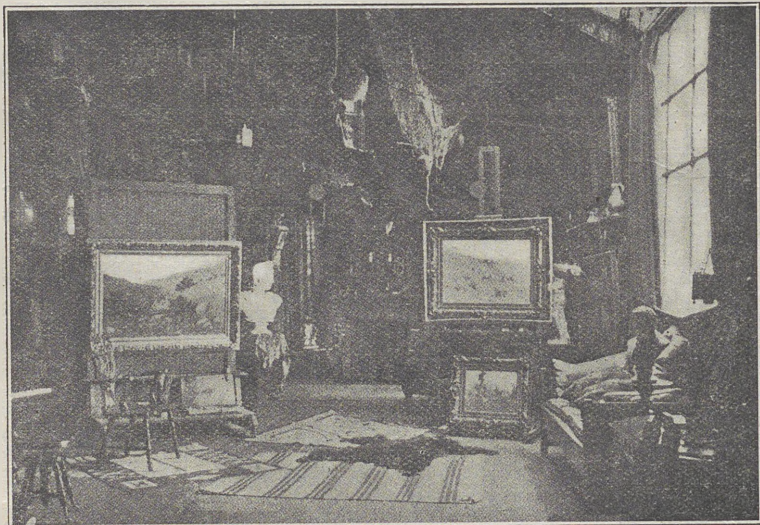
By Everett C. Maxwell

Today marks the closing of the informal studio exhibition which J. Bond Francisco has been holding at his home, 1401 Albany street, for the last fortnight. Since Mr. Francisco gave up his down-town studio more than two years ago, and set up his easel under his own roof-tree, the general public has not had the same opportunity to follow the progress of this conscientious worker as of yore. One or two late canvases from his brush are occasionally seen at down-town exhibitions of a general nature, but fully to appreciate the development of Mr. Francisco's art, one must view his work collectively. This is not possible for the majority of people, for, while Mr. Francisco has established a custom of a semi-annual studio exhibit, it is necessary, perforce, to admit through invitation only, so those who were less fortunate than I must accept my word as proof positive that the work shown in this late exhibition excels in point of technique and general mastery of the rules of the craft any previous renderings which have come from this painter's workshop of late years.

Mr. Francisco sees nature as a dramatist and paints its bigness and brightness with a sure and daring hand. He preaches in all his work the philosophy of light and love. He has no great

mony, the chief interest of which lies in the cloud-filled sky of rose and lavender. The foreground is tender in color and the trees are well placed. A small study of a cool mountain stream flowing between low pine-covered hills is called "Mill Creek." A range of saw-toothed hills, richly lighted, adds a touch of completeness to this colorful rendering. "Day Break" is a study in grays and buff and depicts a sunrise behind a cloud bank. A hillside with trees composes the foreground. "The Glow Beyond" is a noble expanse of forest, mountain and sky. The foreground lies in very deep shadow and the graduation of light upward to the gorgeous sunset sky effect is well handled. "Freight Team," a mere sketch, is charming in its truthful simplicity, and its detail is well suggested. "Strawberry Peak" is a happy rendering of sunny greens and fleecy clouds. It contains both light and air and is direct in treatment. Old favorites shown at this time are "Cherry Canyon," "Sunlight and Shadow," "The Forest Trail," "On the Trail" and "Monte Vista Road." Several small studies of typical Southern California landscape complete this worthy showing.

Saturday, May 13, marks the close of the informal studio exhibition which Mr. Edmond Osthaus, the noted dog painter, is now holding in his rooms at



INTERIOR VIEW OF J. BOND FRANCISCO'S CHARMING STUDIO

theory of art to expound in paint. He has a message from a big soul within and a joyous world without to transmit to humanity, and he paints pictures that appeal not only to the connoisseur but to the prattling child and to workaday men and women in the middle walks of life. Life is a lovely thing to this painter and he impresses his state of being upon all who study his work. They who are looking for subtleties or deep hidden meanings in his nature studies will be disappointed, for his work mirrors his own nature and is frank, simple, sincere and wholesome.

About twenty-five canvases are hung in the spacious studio at this time, almost half of which are new to the reviewer, and of these I speak briefly. "Mountain Shadows" is splendid in color and unusual in composition. The sketch was taken in the San Bernardino mountains and shows a rugged, sloping hillside covered with pointed pines. Beyond a narrow plateau is seen a range of sunlit hills with vibrating sky above. The floating clouds are rich and luminous. "Strayed" is the title given to a small tonal study depicting a lone cow on a hillside. The foreground is simple and the distant hills are well executed. "Clouds" is the name given a delightful color har-

mony, the chief interest of which lies in the cloud-filled sky of rose and lavender. The foreground is tender in color and the trees are well placed. A small study of a cool mountain stream flowing between low pine-covered hills is called "Mill Creek." A range of saw-toothed hills, richly lighted, adds a touch of completeness to this colorful rendering. "Day Break" is a study in grays and buff and depicts a sunrise behind a cloud bank. A hillside with trees composes the foreground. "The Glow Beyond" is a noble expanse of forest, mountain and sky. The foreground lies in very deep shadow and the graduation of light upward to the gorgeous sunset sky effect is well handled. "Freight Team," a mere sketch, is charming in its truthful simplicity, and its detail is well suggested. "Strawberry Peak" is a happy rendering of sunny greens and fleecy clouds. It contains both light and air and is direct in treatment. Old favorites shown at this time are "Cherry Canyon," "Sunlight and Shadow," "The Forest Trail," "On the Trail" and "Monte Vista Road." Several small studies of typical Southern California landscape complete this worthy showing.

Mr. Charles Perry Austin has opened a school of art and design in the Walker Theater building. Backed by excellent training and broad experience, this talented painter should succeed in this new venture.

Ebell Club is planning an extensive exhibition of the applied arts to be held the latter part of May at the clubhouse.

One of the features of the state convention of Federated Women's Clubs, which convenes at Long Beach for one week, beginning May 11, will be an exhibition of American art. This showing will include both painting and

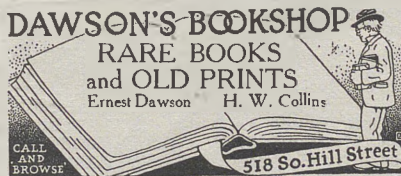
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sculpture, and is under the personal supervision of Mrs. Randall Hutchinson, chairman of the art committee of the state federation. At one of the sessions of the convention Hector Allott, Ph.D., will deliver a lecture on "American Sculpture."

Ernest Browning Smith, musician and painter, will leave next week for an extended European tour. He will visit the great art galleries of the old world and expects to study in Boston on his return to America.

In the current issue of the Japanese Magazine, published at Tokyo, and edited by Miss Kathryn Rucker, formerly of Los Angeles, is a well-written article by Rene T. de Quelin on "The Fine Arts Exhibition at Tokyo." This article is so instructive that I hope at a future time to print a condensed version for readers of The Graphic who are students of the Japanese art.

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By Ruth Burke

One of the most attractive of the season's affairs was the May Day reception given Monday afternoon by Mrs. William A. Spalding of 134 North Gates street in honor of her daughters, Misses Jane and Mary Spalding, who will leave soon for an extended trip abroad. The young women plan to sail in company with Miss Mabel Murray, May 9, from New York, on the S.S. United States, for Europe, visiting in Sweden, Norway, England and Scotland, later going to Germany, where they will pass the winter in Berlin. Receiving with Mrs. Spalding and Misses Jane and Mary Spalding were Miss Helen Spalding, a third daughter, and the young women's aunt and cousin, Mrs. James Dennison and Miss Henrietta Mossbacher, while others assisting included Mmes. Fred W. Wood, Shelley Tolhurst, David Evans, Homer Laughlin, Jr., Louis A. Groff, George Culver, Frank Gibson, Edward C. Belows, W. Murray Craig, J. A. Osgood, W. S. Bartlett, John R. Haynes, David H. McCartney, Loren Crenshaw; Edith Jordan, Mabel Murray, Gladys Pollard, Margaret Merrill, Mathilde Bartlett, Nora Dickinson, Florence Moore, Katherine Mullen, Virginia Murray, Beatrice Cutter, Lillian Olshausen, Fannie Rowan, Inna Dennison, Clara Smith, Maybelle Barlow, Grace Lavayea, Florence Waters and Jessie Anthony. The home was attractively decorated with a profusion of pink roses and greenery and of the four hundred invitations issued for the afternoon nearly that number of guests attended.

Of particular interest to members of the younger set is the announcement of the betrothal of Miss Vera Spring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Spring of Gramercy place, to Mr. Lawrence Field Kelsey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelsey of this city. Miss Spring, who is a graduate of Howard Seminary, Boston, with her sister, is exceedingly popular in the exclusive circles. No date has been set for the wedding as yet. Mr. and Mrs. Spring and their two daughters, Miss Vera and Miss Kathleen Spring left the first of the week on a motoring trip to San Francisco. Upon their return a number of pre-nuptial affairs will be given in honor of the bride-elect, the first being a luncheon which her sister will give.

Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran accompanied Mr. Arthur Letts to Coronado last week when the latter entertained with a most enjoyable motoring party to that beach and a week-end outing at the Hotel del Coronado. Mr. Letts' other guests included his son, Mr. Arthur Letts, Jr., his daughter, Miss Edna Letts, and their house guests; also the young women who assisted as bridesmaids at the recent wedding of Miss Gladys Letts and Mr. Harold Janss. Mr. Letts and his guests had previously motored to Santa Barbara and will conclude their post-nuptial entertainments with a week-end stay at the Glenwood Inn, Riverside.

One of the most delightful of the season's society functions will be the garden party which Mrs. Irving Ingraham of 2000 West Adams street will give this afternoon. The affair is to be marked by informality, invitations having been issued over the telephone and the entertaining will be characterized by a simplicity in accordance with the European hospitality. The Ingraham home is one of the most artistic of the city's residence places. The grounds about the house are a cultured wilderness of wild growth and rare plants. There is a forest of pines, a running brook and rustic summer houses. Several hundred invitations have been issued for the occasion. A program of music will be rendered throughout the afternoon, and the guests will wander about the picturesque grounds to their utmost enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Burks of Prescott, Ariz., who were visitors here last week attending the marriage of the latter's brother, Mr. Arthur Bumiller, to Miss Leola Allen, gave a delightful dinner party Thursday evening at the California Club in celebration of their wedding anniversary, April 26, and also in honor of the wedding anniversary, April 25,

of Mrs. Burks' brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Sullivan of Salt Lake City. Following the dinner the guests were entertained at the Orpheum. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Murray Sullivan, Mrs. C. Bumiller-Hickey, Mrs. S. B. Burks, Miss Emma Bumiller and Mr. and Mrs. George B. Culver.

Mrs. Sarah J. Smith and her daughter, Mrs. James Bert Stearns of 2632 Monmouth avenue, will be hostesses this afternoon at a matinee party at the Belasco Theater, followed by a tea at the Alexandria. The affair is planned in compliment to four of the season's brides-elect, Misses Marjorie Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Baker, who will marry Mr. Guy C. Boynton; Miss Maybelle Bertha Barlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Barlow, who will marry Mr. Tudor H. A. Tiedemann; Miss Marie Rouse, who will marry Mr. William Edward Sheppard, and Miss Agnes Hole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willitts J. Hole, who will marry Mr. Samuel Rindge in July. The decorations for the tea will be pink rosebuds and maidenhair ferns. Others invited are Mmes. Fred L. Baker, Allison Barlow, Willitts J. Hole, Wiley Rouse, Joel Wright Coulter, Ethel T. Kennedy, Frank H. Brooks, George P. Thresher; Misses Earlda Baker, Helen Thresher Barlow and Florence Thresher.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gorham, daughter and son, Miss Constance and Emery Rogers, of Ojai valley, formerly of Los Angeles and Santa Monica, plan to leave the latter part of the month for the east. Mrs. Gorham will attend a reunion of her class at Vassar College. Mrs. E. J. Gorham, Sr., of Colegrove will join them later and the entire party will sail about the first of July from New York for Europe. They will enjoy a three or four months' motor trip through England and on the continent.

One of the smartest of the week's social affairs was the luncheon and bridge whist party given Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Thomas B. Marshall and her daughters, Mrs. Daniel Stanley Setnan and Miss Maude Marshall, at the Friday Morning clubhouse. The rooms were attractively decorated with quantities of pink roses and sweet peas and greenery. Baskets of the blossoms formed centerpieces for the tables. Assisting were Mmes. R. H. Updegraff, W. R. Hesketh, Charles Byron Nichols, A. J. Sherer, Ivan Peoples, H. Clay Breeden, F. A. Vickrey, George Ellis; Misses Florence Thresher, Helen Updegraff, Marie Schuman, Helen Thresher and Clara Scott. Guests included Mmes. G. A. Olshausen, Guy L. Cuzner, Oliver P. Clark, C. F. Potter, Edward C. Magauran, W. T. Covington, S. C. Bogart, George W. Walker, J. W. McAllister, Sidney I. Darrin, George P. Thresher, Robert P. Smith, Phillip D. Wilson, Robert W. Miller, Frank Winters, Don A. Judd, Helen Henderson Steckel, Bruce H. Cass, F. R. Eckley, F. J. Marshall, J. B. Millard, Stoddard Jess, W. L. Jones, J. A. Atkinson, Charles T. Howland, George L. Crenshaw, W. H. B. Keliher, F. K. Watkins, J. C. Brown, F. W. Strong, O. W. Roberts, C. S. Parsons, Nicholas E. Rice, Frank C. Goodin, Charles E. Shattuck, A. C. Parsons, John Cocke, Paul Fletcher, Harry Hellyer; Misses Decatur Page, Ethelwyn Walker, Annie Pease, Jessie Pease, Maude Adams, Elizabeth Page, Ruth Wood, Maude Wood, Grace Barker, Semone Ruch, Lily Olshausen, Olive Bennett, Arley Tottenham, Anna Nelan, Vera Atkinson, Velma Dickson, Irene Benson, Bertha Lull, Ruth Elliott, Henrietta Mossbacher, Gertrude Connell, Florence Judd and Louise Hauser.

One of the most attractive of the smaller society affairs of the week was the luncheon of seven covers given Thursday afternoon by Mrs. F. A. Stone of 1807 South Hoover street in compliment to several eastern visitors. The home was prettily decorated and a cluster of Duchesse roses formed the table centerpiece. The guests were Mrs. Stone's two sisters, Miss Jane Reilly and Mrs. George King Severn with the latter's little daughter, Dorothy, of Chicago, who are her house guests; Mrs.

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List No. 5-551. RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 44.30 acres, within the Angeles National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles on July 15, 1911. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 15, 1911, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are described as follows: Lot 14, of Sec. 34, T. 2 N., R. 12 W., S. B. M., listed upon the application of H. Rowland Lee, 626 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, California.

S. V. PROUDFIT,
Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.
Approved April 12, 1911.

FRANK PIERCE,
First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.
Date of first publication April 29, 1911.

J. C. Robinson and daughter, Miss Edna Robinson, also of Chicago, who are touring California, and Mrs. P. S. Daugherty. Several other delightful affairs are planned for Mrs. Severn and Miss Reilly before their return to their eastern home in the near future.

Mrs. John Hubert Norton of West Twenty-eighth street formally announces the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Amy Marie Norton, to Mr. Francis William Gage, youngest son of former Governor and Mrs. Henry T. Gage. The wedding will take place Wednesday, June 7, at the family home, and, owing to the recent death of Maj. John T. Norton, father of the bride-elect, the ceremony will be an extremely simple one, with only relatives and a few most intimate friends in attendance. Miss Norton, who made her debut last fall at a brilliant tea given by her mother, is one of the most popular of the younger society maids.

One of the enjoyable affairs of the week was the bridge party given Tuesday by Mrs. Charles Barrington, Jr., of 2711 Orchard avenue. Her guests included Mmes. Albert Crutcher, Joseph H. Bohon, Samuel Haskins, Edward A. Featherstone, Lewis Alphonso Wigmore, Willoughby Rodman, Lynn Helm,

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Miss Bessie Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bartlett of Hollywood, has chosen Tuesday, June 6, as the date for her marriage to Mr. Cecil Frankel, and the wedding will take place at the family home, "Vista del Mar," Hollywood. Monday, Mrs. A. G. Bartlett and her daughters, Misses Bessie and Florence Bartlett, entertained with a May Day party for a number of their friends. The entire home was decorated with an abund-

ance of fragrant flowers and greenery in keeping with the day, and a feature was the Maypole with its ribbon streamers of variegated colors and the large canopy of ribbons in rainbow shades. Assisting the hostesses were Meses. E. G. Waldron, Mathew S. Robertson, William H. Jamison, Harmon D. Ryus, C. H. Lippincott, C. J. Eastman, Anstruther Davidson, and Allen Gardner.

Miss Florence Winter and Mr. Alexander Chalmers were married Monday morning at a simple wedding service read at St. Mary's church, Boyle Heights, by Rev. Joseph McManus. The church was prettily decorated with quantities of white roses and ferns. The bride was attired in a white tailor suit with a large picture hat and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and sweet peas. Miss Leta Winter of San Diego, cousin of the bride, was her maid of honor. She wore a gown of sage green silk with black picture hat and carried white carnations. Mr. Martin served as best man. Following the service at the church a breakfast was enjoyed at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Winter, 230 North Soto street, where the decorations were in white roses and ferns. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, after a two weeks' trip, will return and will be at home to their friends at 226 South Soto avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. William A. Edwards of 2600 West Adams street left Thursday for the east, where they will join a party of friends for a trip of several months abroad. They will visit for a fortnight in Washington as guests of Mrs. Edwards' brother and sister-in-law, President and Mrs. Taft, and the latter may join the party for the European trip.

Mrs. Donald Gray Keeler of 605 Wilton place entertained Tuesday with a luncheon and bridge whist party. She was assisted by Meses. William Mackie, Bernard Potter and Charles L. Higbee. About forty guests were present and the home was prettily decorated with quantities of yellow blossoms. Mr. and Mrs. Keeler will give a dinner party at their home, Thursday, May 13, in compliment to Dr. and Mrs. Sidney I. Darrin, who will leave soon for an extended trip abroad.

Mrs. William Austin Strong of Magnolia avenue will entertain with the fourth of a series of bridge luncheons at her home Wednesday, May 10.

Mrs. S. M. Goddard of Wilshire boulevard and her daughter, Mrs. George E. Burrall of Wilshire place will entertain with two bridge luncheons at the home of Mrs. Burrall, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, May 10 and 11.

Mrs. Elmer E. Cole of 680 Rampart street has issued invitations for a luncheon and bridge to be given at her home, Thursday, May 11.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hunter of 2683 Ellendale place are receiving congratulations over the arrival of a little granddaughter, which was born last month to their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Loomis of Portland, Ore. Mrs. Loomis formerly was Miss Sue Hunter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lafayette Crenshaw of 1419 Wilton place will leave May 29 for New York, where they will remain several weeks before sailing on the Mauretania for Europe. In London they will visit friends and witness the coronation. They plan to be away all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hutchinson, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lee Phillips, are enjoying a fortnight's motoring trip through the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. They will visit in San Francisco before returning.

Mrs. J. A. Garner of 748 Union avenue was hostess recently at a luncheon given for Mrs. R. B. Williamson, Mrs. H. K. Williamson, Mrs. J. Murphy, Mrs. S. S. Salisbury, Mrs. H. G. Brainerd and Mrs. Shears. The affair was prettily appointed, the decorations being carried out in red roses.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark have returned from a three months' tour through Lisbon, Algiers, Nice, Egypt, the Holy Land and Greece. A feature of their trip was a 700-mile journey up the Nile.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Wilson of 5000 Gramercy place announces the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Loomis, to Mr. Leslie Clayton Thomas of this city. The bride-elect was form-

erly a resident of Kansas City. Mr. Thomas is a son of Mr. William Thomas of Redding and a grandson of Mrs. Louise Dreyfus of this city. The wedding will take place in July.

Of the social events on the calendar last week at Cummock School a Mayday garden party was of greatest general interest. Miss Hazel Bly, a May queen, presided over a court composed of the entire student body. She was attended by Misses Yetiva Smith, Eileen Reidy, Marion Bristol, Eleanor Johnson, Dorothy Trench, Bartha Wilcox, Helen Howell, Leta Stout, Emma Lefebvre and Florence Marsh, her ladies-in-waiting, all daintily gowned in pink and white, with Margaret Davis as flower girl. A masque, written by Misses Margaret Barbrick and Helen Cross, third year academy girls, and the classic dances were also pretty features of the afternoon's festivities. The annual recital of the intermediate class was held the evening of May 5 at Cummock Hall, and the young women of the Normal department of the physical training work entertain at the school home on Figueroa street, this evening, with a dancing party for the faculty, school and invited guests.

Mrs. Thomas P. Newton entertained with a large theater party at the Belasco Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Lewis Allen, formerly Miss Lou Winder. Following the performance, tea was served in the Alexandria tea room. Those in the party besides the guest of honor were Meses. Dan McFarland, William Thompson, Carol Allen, Arthur Braly, George Herbert Wigmore, Willard Doran, Irwin Heron, Dan McFarland, Jr., Miss Sallie McFarland and Miss Ridgway.

Miss Mabel Love, daughter of Mrs. Robert Fisk Love of 2624 Budlong avenue, will be married this morning to Mr. William H. Burnham, Jr., of this city. The ceremony will be celebrated at 11 o'clock at St. John's Episcopal church, corner West Adams and Figueroa streets, Rev. Lewis G. Morris, the rector, officiating. The wedding will be of simple appointments. Mr. and Mrs. Burnham will enjoy a motoring trip for their honeymoon, and upon their return with be at home at 1436 West Twenty-ninth street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Woodside of 1415 Harvard boulevard announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Floye Marie Woodside, to Mr. John V. Price Reavis.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee of Twenty-ninth street are making preparations to leave in the near future for a trip abroad.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred P. Buisseret of 1710 Central avenue, of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Rhea Buisseret, to Mr. Charles Norman Bahrenburg. The wedding will take place in June. The bride-elect is one of three talented young women of this family. Mr. Bahrenburg is the son of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Bahrenburg of this city. He is a prominent member of the Los Angeles Lodge of Elks and has a wide circle of friends.

Chicago was represented at Del Monte last week by Mr. and Mrs. John J. Mitchell, Dr. James R. Jewett and Mr. Lawrence Newman of Pasadena. Mrs. George Pullman, also of Chicago, arrived in her private car, "Monitor," having with her a party of friends who registered at the hotel for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. McLaughlin of Denver, who passes a part of each summer at Hotel Del Monte, had as guests for last week-end, Rev. John McGinty and Father J. J. Sullivan of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Crissey of Chicago were recent arrivals at Del Monte. Mr. Crissey, who is one of the well-known writers, is on the editorial staff of the Saturday Evening Post.

One of the motor parties of the week to Del Monte included Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Carnie, Mrs. E. S. Hutchinson, Mrs. F. E. Wilbur of Chicago and Mrs. Chadbourne of London, who made the trip from Santa Barbara, where they have been touring and sightseeing.

Mr. S. O. Johnson of Berkeley, with his family, is a guest at Hotel Del Monte for a stay of several weeks. Mr. Johnson, who is an enthusiastic golfer and plays a clever game, passes most of his time on the links.

Mr. and Mrs. John Laurence of Burlington avenue left recently for an

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California Shelled Almonds50c pound

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Pecans Halved.....\$1.00 pound
California Almonds\$.75 pound
Jordan Almonds.....\$1.00 pound
Peanuts\$.30 pound

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extended European trip. They sailed Saturday from New York on the Minnehaha. Mrs. John Wigmore, who left for the east about a month ago, sailed on the same steamer for a year's visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Eaton, Mr. Ralph Eaton, Mr. Ernest Eaton, Mr. Harry Eaton, Miss Elizabeth Eaton, Miss C. M. Lord, Miss W. G. Lord, Miss M. C. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Baker, Miss Marguerite Richards, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lloyd will leave soon for a twelve months' tour of the world. They will sail from New York on the S. S. George Washington, and after an extended tour of Europe will visit Africa, Egypt, Ceylon, India, Burmah, China and Japan. The trip will be made under the auspices of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank. Other travelers leaving today for a tour of Europe are Mr. A. E. Baldwin, Mrs. M. L. Baldwin, Col. and Mrs. N. H. Creager, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Anthony. They will sail on the S. S. Canopic, May 20 and the S. S. Mauretania, May 24. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robinson of the Boston Store, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Horton will sail on the S. S. Chiyo Maru, May 24, on an extended tour through Japan and the orient, under the same auspices.

Next week at the Hotel Virginia will be a busy one as the annual convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs will convene there Thursday, May 11, and continue until May 16. Between four and five hundred delegates are expected to attend.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ella Towne, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Nathan Towne, to Mr. John Henry Bryson, son of Mrs. E. E. Bryson of Los Angeles. The bride-elect, who was educated in Boston, is extremely accomplished and attractive. The wedding will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Ferguson, accompanied by Miss Evelyn Doe and Miss Bertha M. Brown of San Francisco and Eureka, registered at the Virginia Tuesday. Mr. Ferguson is well known among the steamship men of the Pacific coast.

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Cheaters

When the pruning scissors are brought into play and a tangle of unnecessary verbiage is cut away from the mother plant of William Danforth's drama of the far places, "Nan o' the North," which is being given its premiere on the Belasco stage this week, it will afford an interesting vehicle for one of the younger feminine stars. By no means can this Danforth creation be called great—for which reason it doubtless will fill the Danforth pockets with the merry jingle of golden ducats. It is melodrama, but where is the audience which does not possess a hankering fondness for that sort of thing? It has romance and situations, true love which fails to run smooth until the curtain drops; it has a pleasing atmosphere, and there isn't a really dyed-in-the-wool villain in the entire cast. The plot is none too original, as to its main theme, but it has features of novelty. It concerns Nan Demour-elle, a girl of tender years, who, several years before the opening of the play, has been married to Joe Villaire, a man many years her senior, to satisfy the wish of her father, who is dying and does not wish to leave his girl unprotected in the rough Alaskan camp which is their home.

After the marriage, Nan's husband puts her in a convent school for three years. Afraid that he will come after her, she escapes from the convent, and by force of circumstance lands in a trading post in the Cascade mountains. The young doctor of the railroad construction camp falls in love with her—a passion which she reciprocates, but will not acknowledge, owing to the secret of her past. Enters Nan's husband, who has lost his mind through a blow received in a saloon brawl in which he defend's Nan's good name. The doctor discovers that Villaire's reason may be restored by trepanning. But when Nan confesses the man's identity, the young physician has a grim fight with himself, but at last performs the operation and brings Villaire to reason. It is then disclosed that the magistrate who performed the ceremony between Nan and Villaire had conveniently lost his commission before the wedding, rendering the marriage invalid. So, despite the objections of the doctor's Beacon street-Boston relatives, who have come to rescue their scion, Nan lays her weary little head on David's shoulder and feels the Great Peace stealing into her heart.

Conversation runs riot in the play. Evidently, Mr. Danforth was afraid his audience would be incapable of grasping his story at one telling, for he iterates and reiterates the why and wherefore of his drama. In the first act the awkward recital of Villaire's partner concerning Nan's past is too long, hence wearisome. Then, too, no man who is stealing "grub" at the risk of his life, would pause to spin a long yarn to a girl. Also, it depreciates the climax in the second act when Nan tells her story to the doctor. There is too much of Thomas Gavin, a lumberman friend of Nan's, and too little of Quint Eliot, an irrepressible juvenile. A little more humor, a grouping together of the vital points, a brisker action, more "doing" and less talking are required. When it is reconstructed, the play will fill a demand which the public is making for a play of the great out-doors.

Despite a tendency to miss cues and go up in their lines, the Belasco company did good work Monday night. Marjorie Rambeau's winsome personality is eminently suited to the role of Nan. Her homecoming, after her long vacation, was the signal for flowers and as the audience promptly fell in love with her picture of the bewitching Nan, the house resounded with hand-clapping time and again. She played the part with a simple, sweet directness that was appealing and girlish. Lewis Stone is an ideal David Kingdon, depicting with no uncertain strokes the quiet, strong, young doctor, torn between duty and desire. A delightful bit of work is the Quint Eliot of Richard Vivian, a boyishly attractive delinquent. Robert Harrison did the best work of his local engagement as John

Crawford, his heavy voice being a valuable asset to the part. Winner of masculine laurels is Charles Giblyn, who left his colleagues in the background as Joe Villaire, the French Canadian. Said one man, leaving the Belasco, "Well, I've lived among the habitants for years, and that man Giblyn gives the best picture I've ever seen on a stage. It's real." Which is praise of quality. Ida Lewis and William Yancey as the Bostonese relatives make the most of their brief assignments, but James K. Applebee is not successful as Gavin—especially in his emotional moments. The scenic environment adds greatly to the atmosphere.

"Paid in Full" at the Burbank

Eugene Walter has written a great American play in "Paid in Full," great because of its cameo-like picturing of a phase of life which could exist in no other country than this, great because of its simplicity, its verity, its craftsmanlike construction. It is a pitiful, sordid little story. One despises Joe Brooks, who steals from his firm and in desperation sends his wife to his employer—a man of sinister reputation—to bargain with him, to play on his affection for her, to sell her honor, if



MARY GARDEN IN RECITAL

necessary, in order to extricate himself from the pit of his own digging. Yet, too, one feels keenly sorry for him when his wife, after redeeming him through her own womanliness and the generosity of his old employer, leaves him to pick up the fragments of his broken life—alone. Each character is so cleverly drawn, so individual, that one feels that here are real people living a bit of real life. It is a play worth while from start to finish. A more ideal combination than Frank Camp, David Landau and David Hartford would be difficult to get. Camp is the Joe Brooks and it is a convincing, earnest piece of work he is doing. Joe's nervous outbursts, his sullen discontent, his all-absorbing selfishness are pitilessly painted. The climax of the last act is well done—artistic in the extreme, giving the audience an insight into Joe's realization that with his own hands he has pulled down his house of cards. The lovable Jimsy of David Landau will hardly be excelled. He is the quiet, kindly guardian of Emma's destiny—unobtrusive, yet ever on the watch to make her path easier, always with the pathos of his ever-present heartache over his failure to win her love. A

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masterpiece is the David Hartford depiction of Captain William. In walk, talk, appearance, he creates a being far removed from his own personality. It is more than acting that Mr. Hartford is doing this week—he seems to have given the breath of life to Mr. Walter's brain-child. Ida Adair is not a commendable Emma Brooks. She recites her lines in an elocution-school fashion that is not convincing, and is rather nerve-irritating. Suzanne Willa is a delicious Beth, and Charles Ruggles an excellent Jap. Artist Robert Brunton's first week with the Burbank Theater is fittingly marked by the excellent scenic effects prevailing.

Entertaining Bill at Orpheum

Claude Gillingwater and company head the Orpheum bill this week in the former's comedy sketch, "The Awakening of Minerva." The goddess of wisdom, carved in marble by a young sculptor, comes to life and causes many and varied explanations on the part of the creator to his inquisitive mother-in-law and wife. Later, the sculptor awakens to find the affair a dream. Mr. Gillingwater is a capable actor given to the quiet, natural style of delineation, and his play while not new in theme is well worked out and entertaining. He is given excellent support. Mlle. Bianci Froehlich, assisted by Mons. Ivan Bankoff, presents a series of interpretive dances, all artistically set and gracefully portrayed. In La Danse du Papillon d'or et de l'Araigne, the dance of the butterfly and spider, the conception is unique and realistically depicted. Coakley, Hanvey & Dunlevy present a whole minstrel show and succeed in entertaining with their jokes, singing and dancing. The Four Konerz Brothers, diabolo experts, return with their hoops and tin spoons and execute a number of clever tricks in dexterous manner, which elicit but scant appreciation from the audience, whose knowledge of diabolo playing, in most part, is limited to purchasing a game for the children. Holdovers are Burr McIntosh and company, George Mullen and Ed Corelli, the conversational acrobats; Alcide Capitaine and Binns, Binns & Binns.

"Wan o' the Wood" at the Majestic

Interesting in various ways, was the first production of the Los Angeles children's theater Friday night and Saturday matinee of last week. Not only was the children's theater idea given concrete form, but the medium was the first production on any stage of a play, with incidental music, written by Florence Willard and Mrs. Mary Payson, both of Los Angeles. "Wan o' the Wood," a fairy story in four chapters, is an interesting, imaginative tale of a mortal child, strayed into fairyland, and his adventures there. The scene is laid in a wood and the wood-folk appear: the three bears, the fairy queen and her band of flower fairies. Minno, the prophet speaking from the heart of an oak, birds and caterpillars. A down-to-date fairyland, for there passed a sightseeing "birdmobile" with

a barker calling the sights. The little story has humor and tenderness. The musical numbers were fresh and charming, making as a whole a promising production. The cast, which was made up of members of the Egan school, showed careful preparation and stage direction. The most original episode of the play was the entrance and song of the caterpillars, which inched their way across the stage in a comical manner, then discarded their striped coats and became dancing butterflies. Wan o' the Wood was acceptably played by Helen Eddy, while the Dan o' Dreams of Clella Van Pelt was a graceful, elf-like performance. Laurie Johnson as the "mother" sang a lovely song in a rich contralto voice. As the cast was an amateur one and composed for the most part of young children, the performance ran on with creditable precision. It has the faults of a "tryout," but they are trifling and easily remedied. "Wan o' the Wood" promises well for all concerned.

Offerings for Next Week

F. Ziegfeld, Jr.'s, latest revue, "The Follies of 1910," will be seen at the Mason Opera House one week, beginning May 8. Harry B. Smith is the author of the book, while Gus Edwards and a number of other composers provided the music. It is in three acts and sixteen scenes. "The Follies of 1910" is said to be the most elaborate and entertaining of all the famous Ziegfeld revues. The company contains more than 150 players. A unique novelty is the swimming scene in which a dozen diving Venuses plunge into a miniature lagoon and cut aquatic capers. Bickel & Watson in their piano moving novelty; Bert Williams, the colored singer; Bobby North, Billie Reeves, Harry Pilcer, W. Wania, Imperial Russian dancer, William C. Schrode, Quigg & Nickerson, Peter Swift, Charles Hessong, Charles Scribner, Max Schenck, A. Young, Harry Luck, Lillian Lorraine, Fanny Brice, Shirley Kellogg, Evelyn Carlton, Arline Boley, Margaret Morris, Vera Maxwell, Lottie Vernon, Trixie Cadiz, Besrie Fennell, Violet Jewell and the beauty chorus, described as "75 Anna Held girls," will contribute to the merriment.

"Nan o' the North," William Danforth's play of the northwest country which scored so substantial a success at the Belasco Theater, will enter upon its second big week at the Main street playhouse Monday night. That this new play has been well received by Los Angeles theatergoers is evidenced by the crowded audiences that attended the first week's performances. Since the production last Monday night an entirely new scene has been put in for the action of the second act, while several changes have been made in the dialogue which materially quicken the action of the piece. The climaxes have been fully developed, and the comedy element has been considerably enlarged. Marjorie Rambeau makes Nan a sweet and appealing figure, and Lewis Stone has a role much to his liking as Dr.

David Kingdon. Scenically, the production is one of the most picturesque that has been seen on the Belasco stage in many weeks. Following "Nan o' the North," Mr. Stone and his associates, by special arrangement with Daniel Frohman, will give the first performance in the west of Theodore Burt Sayre's American military drama, "The Commanding Officer."

"Paid in Full," the strikingly realistic drama of modern American life, has repeated its triumph of last year at the Burbank, and has been attracting crowded houses so consistently that it will be continued for the week beginning with the matinee Sunday. The second week will be the last, however, as there are other plans for the Burbank which will positively prevent a third week of "Paid in Full." It is not likely that the piece will be revived again, moreover, as Manager Morosco has so many new plays waiting their turn. The production has been met everywhere with the same high praise that greeted last year's presentation. Frank Camp's study of Joe Brooks has been well worked out, David Landau's Jimsy is one of the Burbank classics, and David Hartford is giving a gripping picture of the gruff sea captain.

the burgomaster's sister, and little Frances White should prove a winsome barmaid. The big Hartman chorus will be much to the fore in the many musical numbers.

Mary Garden, the prima donna, will make her first appearance in Los Angeles, Monday evening, May 15, and the second, Wednesday evening, May 17. Her highly cultivated dramatic ability, no less than her voice and beauty, has earned for her an individual place in the annals of modern music. She has won equal success in such widely different roles as Salome and Marguerite, and is one of the most-talked-of personages in the operatic world. Her programs are as follows:

Allegretto from second sonata (Beethoven), Finale from Concerto No. 2 (Bruch), Mr. Tibaldi: Aria from "Louise" (Charpentier), Mary Garden: Romance (Sibelius), Passpied (Delibes), Gavotte and Musette (d'Albert), Mr. Brockway: Ariette (Debussy), At Parting (Rogers), Du bist wie eine Blume (Arthur Rosenstein), Mary Garden: Nocturne (Robert Steans), Polonaise (Wienawski), Mr. Tibaldi: Aria from "Natoma" (Victor Herbert), Mary Garden: Serenade, Humoresque op. 3, No. 4, Ballade (Howard Brockway), Mr. Brockway: Ave Maria (Bach-Gounod), Spring Song (violin obligato by Tibaldi (Oscar Weil), Mary Garden: Andante Religioso and Finale (Vieuxtemps), Mr. Tibaldi: Aria from "Thais" (Massenet), Mary Garden: Chant Polonaise (Chopin-Liszt).



FANNY BRICE IN THE "FOLLIES OF 1910" AT THE MASON

Ida Adair, Florence Oberle, Suzanne Willa and Charles Ruggles complete the cast. Robert Brunton's scenic equipment is picturesque and artistic.

Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom's musical comedy success, "The Red Mill," will next week be given its first production by a stock company anywhere at the Grand Opera House. This is the first time that local theatergoers have had an opportunity to see this musical play at popular prices, and the production promises to be one of the most important of the Ferris Hartman season. "The Red Mill" is full of fast fun, plenty of action and beautiful stage pictures. Robert Leonard should be seen to exceptional advantage as "Con Kidder." Roscoe Arbuckle has been especially engaged to play the part of "Kid Connor." Mr. Leonard and Mr. Arbuckle should make a team that will prove a constant delight, since they furnish a great portion of the fun. Arthur Hull will have the role of Jan Van Broken, the burgomaster; Henry Balfour will be seen as Capt. Doris Van Damm; Miss Anna Montgomery will be seen as Gretchen, the burgomaster's daughter; Kathleen Wilmarth will play

The Juggleress (Moskowsky), Mr. Brockway: Hawk Song from "Natoma" (Victor Herbert), Elegie (Massenet), There Little Girlie Don't Cry" (B. Campion), Mary Garden: Swedish Song (Wilhelmj), Swedish Dance (Bruch), Mr. Tibaldi: Waltz from "Madame Chrysanthème" (Messager), Mary Garden: Dance of the Sylphs (from Sylvan Suite for Orchestra) (Howard Brockway), Capriccio (Howard Brockway), March Militaire (Schubert-Hausig), Mr. Brockway: Air de Fortino (Messager), Ah, qui brula d'amour (violin obligato, Mr. Tibaldi) (Tschai-kovsky), Chant Venetian (Bemberg), Mary Garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "The Yellow Dragon" are headliners on the Orpheum bill beginning the week of May 8. Mr. and Mrs. Drew come from the famous family of that name, now headed by John Drew, and numbering among its members the foremost artists on the American stage. With them is S. Rankin Drew, their son, and their offering, "The Yellow Dragon," is said to give each an admirable opportunity to display individual talents. It is a story of the Chinese boxer war, full of thrills, and its scenic investiture is unique. Another newcomer of importance is Grace Cameron, the star of many musical comedies and light operas. Miss Cameron has been fea-

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tured and starred in numerous musical productions. She will appear in costume, changed for each number. An oddity is Dick, "the canine penman." Dick is the only dog that writes. He also draws geometric figures, adds, subtracts and multiplies. Many weeks have elapsed since a good Japanese act was seen here, but the five Satsumas will fill the gap. Their acrobatic, equilibristic and gymnastic feats astonish the Caucasians, and one of the troupe is a comedian—a rarity in the serious orient. Claude Gillingwater

and company, Bianci Froehlich, the dancer, Coakley, Hanvey & Dunlevy, and the Four Konez Brothers are holdovers, while new motion pictures will round out the bill.

"Wan o' the Wood," the delightful fantasy of childhood, written by Florence Willard, a seventeen-year-old Los Angeles girl, which was produced at the Majestic a little more than a week ago, is to be repeated Saturday afternoon, May 13. It was given under the direction of Frank C. Egan, who

rehearsed the piece for two months, costumed it, had special scenery built for it, engaged an orchestra, and was aided in his enterprise by several of the most prominent musical and theatrical people of the city. He announced a single performance. At the advice of friends he added another, and both were complete "sell-outs." By request of the many who were turned away is the extra performance added.

Wednesday night, May 10, a "minstrel-vaudeville" is to be given at Gamut Club Theater, under the auspices of the local I. O. B. B., for the benefit of the lodge charities. George Towle is in charge of the minstrel first part, which enlists the services of Manie Lowenstein as interlocutor, Dr. H. H. Lissner and Charles Kaufman on the ends, with twelve others in the half-circle and a chorus. "The Beaux and Belles of Louisville," words by Manie Lowenstein, music by Phil Kaufman, is done by six couples, the Misses Irma and Lucille Polaski, Hellman, Hoffman, Baer and Roos, and Messrs. Levy, Marks, Lewin, Cohn, Polaski and Kahn. Harry Girard is in charge of this number. Mrs. John Kahn, assisted by Miss Lucille Hellman, has assembled a variety of tableaux as follows: "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Florence Nightingale," "The Broken Pitcher" and "Gainsboroughs." There are a number of other attractions scheduled for the program.

"Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," Mason

Clean, wholesome, spontaneous fun had the boards at the Mason Thursday night, when May Robson made a return engagement in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." The play holds all the elements of comedy, humor and tenderness. A domineering, big-hearted, "maiden lady" has a scapegrace nephew whom she adores. He grows up "hard" as she tells him and all sorts of unscrupulous persons take advantage of him because he is known to have a rich aunt. His faults are of the head and not the heart, so all ends happily. Three college chums and a pretty girl help on the fun, and it is fun, the best kind. The company is well balanced and Mr. Jack Story's singing was charming. It is just the kind of play tired men like to attend, and any young girl might safely take her mother.

Asides

May 18, 19 and 20, the Mastodon Shrine Minstrels will disport themselves at the Mason Opera House—the proceeds to be used as the sinews of war, when the Los Angeles boosters attend the Imperial Council meeting in Rochester in July and struggle with Baltimore, Md., for the conclave in May, 1912. In the past the Shrine Minstrels have given excellent account of themselves, and it is said that their show this year will be "bigger, brighter and better" than ever before.

That much-discussed and greatly heralded play, "The Lily," will come to the Mason Opera House for one week beginning Monday night, May 22. The big company which made this play an unusual success in New York will be seen here, headed by Nance O'Neil and including Charles Cartwright, Julia Dean, Alfred Hickman, Oscar Eagle, Antoinette Walker and others.

Takes Up Cudgels for Ruth St. Denis

To the Editor: Your criticism of Ruth St. Denis is so absurd that if it were not for the harm done to our struggling land by just such ignorant remarks in the press, one would not notice it further. But let me ask you to [sic] either secure an intelligent person for your work or else keep silence. There was not a detail of Miss St. Denis' production that was not historically and artistically correct, every gesture and color and lighting and property being the result of long and careful research in the archives which are so jealously guarded in the great libraries and museums of Paris and London, and for you to dismiss the wonderful performance, so far above the heads of the Los Angeles public (which had so long awaited Ruth St. Denis that it didn't even notice she was here for a whole week) with a few handfuls of clumsily thrown mud should bring the blush of shame to your cheeks for such gross ignorance. Your critic has never read anything of the orient, not even Haggard's "Cleopatra," of Kipling's "Kim," let alone having traveled there, or he could not have regarded this truly

beautiful, educational and spiritual performance so blindly. He probably judged by the small audience. He must have felt the same at the Russian Symphony concerts, which were so poorly attended. And as for Miss St. Denis' dancing, her steps were exact copies of the oriental movements, while her figure was unusually classic. The dancing one sees in the orient is not the vulgar dancing seen in our "midways," exaggerated for the benefit of the American people, whom you are helping to keep crude, by your censure of a beautiful, spiritual and historical presentation. Every person of culture whom I have seen in town, who saw the St. Denis performance, has been unstinted in their [sic] praise of it, and it is doubtful if we shall ever again have the opportunity of seeing the orient so beautifully brought to us. An indignant American reader.

A. W. M'CLURE, JR.
251 Bixel Street, Los Angeles.

Rather a wholesale condemnation of The Graphic's review—although quite carrying out the creed of mankind, "Unless ye believe as I believe ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Surely a review which gives an honest opinion cannot rightly be called absurd. Miss St. Denis' properties, her scenery, her lighting, her color were not criticized—in fact, they were admired. Doubtless, there were many discerning people who reveled in her dancing, and far be it from an humble dramatic critic to condemn them as "grossly ignorant" and unintelligent, because they do not agree with his opinion. But to the writer—who has been upheld in his opinion by a number of persons of travel and culture—Miss St. Denis failed to give any message. Her dancing, her steps may have been "exact copies" of the oriental movements, but the abstract, elusive, indescribable thing which we call "soul" was lacking. Instead of being picturesque, her movements became grotesque, because her gyrations were gymnastic rather than graceful. There was not a sensuous thrill in her production—which surely must be a reflection on the dancer's art, since her atmosphere was so conducive to sensuousness. And save in the dance of incense, the spiritual appeal was entirely absent. As for judging Miss St. Denis' art by the scantiness of the audience—if anything, that would be an argument in her favor, since the reviewer has learned that oftentimes the best things of life are least appreciated. But compared with the delicate, nymph-like poetry of Maude Allan's dancing, the wonderful abandon of Pavlova and Mordkin—both of which were a delight not to be forgotten—compared with the pictures of oriental grace which have charmed the writer's eye on canvas and entranced his ear in poetry and prose—the St. Denis exhibition approached the ridiculous. The divine spark was lacking.—[Ed. The Graphic.]

At Mt. Washington

Mrs. C. P. Morgan was a charming hostess to twelve of her friends at a luncheon given at the Hotel Mt. Washington last Thursday.

Mrs. S. T. Clover entertained Miss Florence Reed as a guest of honor at a luncheon Wednesday at the Mt. Washington.

Members of the Alpha Sorority of Occidental College, to the number of thirty-five, enjoyed a dinner last Saturday night at Hotel Mt. Washington. Toasts, music and dancing were enjoyed by the merry party.

Miss Henningson delightfully entertained twenty-two friends at luncheon Saturday. Cards were enjoyed in the west lobby during the afternoon.

Mrs. W. R. Mail entertained sixteen friends at a bridge luncheon at the Mt. Washington Hotel Thursday. The afternoon was delightfully passed in the west lobby.

Mrs. Frank Green and daughter, Miss Eleanor Green, have left for San Francisco after a stay of four months at the Mt. Washington.

Mr. W. H. Dumphy of San Francisco was a recent guest of Mr. Tibbets at the Mt. Washington Hotel.

Mr. Paul M. Rowan, the well-known real estate man of Los Angeles, has taken apartments at the Hotel Virginia for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chamberlin, old and valued patrons of the Virginia, have returned to the hotel after an absence of several days in the mountains.

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Books

Charles Livingston Bull's animal pictures are the special delight of naturalists, taxidermists and artists, while in the eyes of the general public they are accorded a higher place perhaps than those of any other black and white animal portrayer. It is true the taxidermist does not rank high in the artist's world, yet he is the man who knows most about animal anatomy in a general and specific way, exceeding in that respect even the professional naturalist. He must study not only the internal mechanism of an animal, but he must have a true conception of his subject's natural poses, if he is a master of his trade. If, in addition to his accomplishments as a proficient and noted taxidermist, he is also an artist and a lover of the wild forests and mountains, without a gun, and seemingly in complete rapport with all the denizens of the wild, he is surely one competent to pass upon the merit of animal pictures.

It was such a person whose name it is now unnecessary to cite, who first called the present reviewer's attention to the animal pictures of Charles Livingston Bull then appearing to the general public for the first time in the Saturday Evening Post. His praise of the pictures was unstinted. "They are the truest to nature of any I have ever seen," was his word. As to their artistic value, one need not go to the specialist for advice. Few artists can portray so much in a picture with so few lines, or that much so delightfully. Among artists of striking individuality in their work, Bull ranges with Phil May and half a dozen black and white men in Paris and Berlin.

Recently, Bull went to British Guiana and haunted the forests, jungles and savannahs of that tropical South American land. "I watched silently, by the hour, at the foot of a great cashew tree, the fruit of which was ripe, and have seen the timid wild things come stealthily forth from their hiding places, attracted by the strong odor of the fallen fruit," he tells in his commendably brief preface. "I climbed up among the tangle of lianas and vines and rootlets into the very 'roof of the jungle' (where he gained the title of his book) and watched the sun set over the jungle, and saw the birds and beasts and reptiles of the day disappear and the night wanderers come forth." And the result of this incursion now appears in a handsomely printed volume containing fourteen letter-press "bits of detail," as he calls his chapters, illustrated with sixty full-page plates and numerous minor drawings, all depicting, as only Bull can, the wild denizens of the tropics. Several of the illustrations are tri-color plates, but the colors are not convincing nor do they seem to add to the artistic value of the pictures. They may or may not be faithful to the colors of the jungle; the author does not tell. Printing ink has its limitations. One would like to see the original paintings, and possibly even the original scenes. For it is one thing to be a master anatomist and quite another to lay on paint. Perhaps Mr. Bull is equally proficient in both arts.

"Life in the jungle is a tragedy," writes Bull. "Everywhere, the killers lurk or roam, one species ever preying on the other. But for all that is not the word 'tragedy' more an a priori conclusion of man's rather than an established fact? Is death necessarily a tragedy? And if it can be admitted for an instant that death is not essentially, per se, a tragedy, then how do we know that it is ever a tragedy in the jungle—until man comes in with his gun? Much pessimistic philosophy is based upon this assumption that it is a tragedy for small fish to be eaten by big birds, or little monkeys by big snakes, or birds by reptiles. But why should such quick, natural and normal death in the jungle be more awful to jungle creatures than the mournful death in bed surrounded by his weeping relatives of the genus homo John Doe? Is it not perhaps an unwarranted assumption that nature is essentially cruel and life in the jungle a trag-

edy? At any rate, if man were to expend what energy he now squanders by his sympathy for jungle tragedies in more intelligent sympathy for his own genus and species he could prevent many of those things in social and industrial life about which there can be no question as to the tragedy.

However, this book of Mr. Bull's is intensely fascinating and has great value from the standpoint of the scientific naturalist. ("Under the Roof of the Jungle." By Charles Livingston Bull. L. C. Page & Co.)

"The Dominant Sex"

As a play for the stage there is not sufficient action in "The Dominant Sex" to commend it, and as a preachment against the equal suffrage movement it is neither fair nor convincing. Straw men, or women, are set up and knocked down, and regardless of its claim as an anti-suffrage document its moral tone is not high. It preaches the doctrine of hatred and revenge. Its heroine is a woman who gives up her life and fortune to send to the electric chair one who has wronged her—another woman. There is nothing human or exalted about that. The brutes of the forest and jungle can hate and hound and tear. If it be true, as assumed in this play, that women demand the suffrage on the score of their being better than men and on the plea that their voting will at once, or per se, right all social and political evils; if such claims are ever made by suffragists, then perhaps certain of the lines of this play might be read to them with salutary effect. Unfortunately, the suffrage movement, like every other movement in the world, contains a few unbalanced freaks, but it is neither fair nor good art to pick out such a freak and make her represent the entire movement. Our understanding of the suffrage movement is that women claim the right as human beings to vote when they want to vote. Society drives women out of the home and forces them into all sorts of industrial occupations, from picking coal to blacking boots in order to earn their food and clothes, hence as industrial factors they demand the right to vote. These great moving forces behind the suffrage movement are not considered at all by "The Dominant Sex," but two freak women are set up and then pulled to pieces. Anyway, the lust for revenge, which is the motive of the plot, will hardly recommend the play even to anti-suffragists. Nor is there any art in construction, or elegance or wit in the lines to commend it. In fact, on no possible score could the work be commended except as a most biased piece of propaganda against equal suffrage. ("The Dominant Sex." By Anne Nathan Meyer. Brandies.)

Tale of Many Incarnations

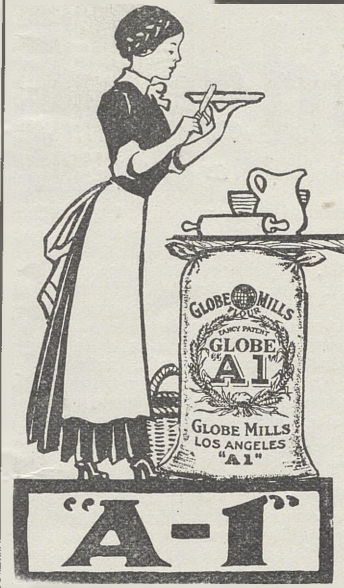
Sir Edwin Arnold's son wrote a romance based on the theory of reincarnation that is called to mind by the reading of Justin Sterns' "Osru, a Tale of Many Incarnations," which ran as a serial in The Word and is now issued in book form. The romance and the tale are in nowise similar, save in the general method adopted of portraying the beautiful theory. Sterns' tale is highly interesting and is written for the most part in a terse form of prose that nearly, if not quite, approaches true poetry. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" is the Christian's statement of the Buddhist's law of Karma. If one can believe it, then has one a real basis for justice and for conduct. If one cannot believe it, then dogma or doubt are the only alternatives, for we see every day that men reap where they do not sow, that the few reap the toil of the many; that they who sow most often reap least. How then can Karma, or that which the Berkeley professor of philosophy calls the law of efficient causation, be true? It cannot be true, unless the law of rebirth also be true, answer those who have faith in Karma. Now, perhaps this belief in Karma and reincarnation is itself a dogma. Be that as it may, it is certainly not a creed, and there is room in it for a very large view

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of life and for whatever processes of ratiocination one can muster. Barring the fact that Karma and reincarnation must ever be an hypothesis with no actual basis in sensory experience, it is entirely logical. Reasoning from such hypothesis, the seeming injustice of life can be logically reasoned away without resort to credal tenets that do violence to honest reason. The tale "Osru" does not argue the theories upon which it is based, but rather poetically and consistently proceeds to illustrate them. Osru in his "second" incarnation was Nero, the cruel and tyrannical voluptuary. The same being, in his "first" incarnation of the tale is Sherau, the paraschites, a hated, despised and hounded embalmer of the dead. Swiftly, tersely then through ten historically accurate incarnations—Nero, Dravid the galley slave; Chunda, the widow, who performed suttee for Ram Ruoy; Louis Sieur le Brent, in a Norman dungeon, a victim of the Spanish inquisition; a street girl in London; a negro slave in the south; a workingman in New England—the soul Osru "works out its Karma" and learns to fix its desire on those things which leave no evil results. Each chapter is of keen dramatic interest. Sterns is an artist of uncommon ability. His Osru is a classic. ("Osru, a Tale of Many Incarnations." By Justin Sterns. The Theosophical Publishing Company of New York.)

Magazines of the Month

As a frontispiece, the May Craftsman offers a reproduction of a pencil drawing of Mark Twain, done by Miss Frances S. Campbell, which has quality and individuality. An illustrated article comprehending Prince Paul Troubetzkoy's work as a sculptor is sympathetically presented under the title, "A Man's Work, His Biography." Isaac Russell considers James Cushman's remedy for existing evils in the public school system. Kenneth Graeme contributes a poem, "My Home," which is followed by a suggestive article on "The Home Name," and how it may be made to express individuality and intimate surroundings. Craftsman talk and craftsman pictures abound and Southern California, as usual, is drawn upon to furnish bungalow suggestions.

John Galsworthy, in Scribner's for May, presents a little drama entitled "The Little Dream," a fanciful, symbolical picture as delicate as frost on a window pane. Price Collier con-

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

tinues the series of articles on India, telling of his personal contact with "His Highness the Maharaja." The keen insight and broad sympathy of this traveler's views on India and its complexities gives the account a value far beyond the ordinary book of travel. "Frank Brangroyn and His Etchings," by Walter Shaw Sparrow, receives a fine appreciation as a master painter-etcher. "Kennedy Square," by F. Hopkinson Smith, is continued, as is also the "Recollections Grave and Gay," by Mrs. Burton Harrison. The usual varied poems and stories complete the contents of this always interesting periodical.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Stimson of Los Angeles went down to the Virginia Thursday of last week for the weekend. Another over-Sunday party included Mr. and Mrs. Delwitt V. Hutchings of Riverside.

Senator and Mrs. Stephen W. Dorsey have returned after a six months' European trip and are occupying their home at 2619 South Figueroa street.

Mrs. O. A. Vickrey of Beacon street was hostess Friday afternoon at a prettily appointed bridge luncheon given for several of her friends.

Stocks & Bonds

Unreliable price-cutting and slaughter of values, regardless of actual conditions, have been the features of Los Angeles Stock Exchange trading this week. The situation is considerably clarified at this writing, although the market is still ready to reverse itself in either direction with apparently little or no real provocation. The panicky feeling began Monday, due to the report that an alleged second Lakeview gusher, owned by an oil company whose shares have been selling all the way from 31 cents down to 11, the low for the stock, within a year, had gone dead. This presumed security, with a capital of \$3,500,000, was close to the sheriff about three months ago, at which time its already top-heavy capital had to be increased half a million shares, with a note issue of \$200,000 more, in order to provide ordinary working capital. Since then the stock has been an exceptionally popular trader, on the theory, presumably, that a certain portion of the public, not being able to gamble on the races, has turned its sporting attention in this direction. The result has been that at least a hundred thousand shares of the stock are handled back and forth daily in the local market, while securities of real merit have been forced to trail behind the new leader.

Union and the other Stewart issues, marked for a legitimate advance this week, reached 104, due to reports of the company's recent new financing abroad, and then the stocks quickly dropped back two full points. Associated, which recently has been fluctuating, again is close to 50, a loss of \$3 a share since the last report. Central is being protected, with an inside pool apparently willing to absorb all offerings of stock at the best price possible for the buying edn.

United, among the lesser known oils, is being gradually worked up, and better than par is promised for the shares with the opening of the new week Monday. This would be a gain of more than thirty points for the month. Consolidated Midway, which closed at 22 bid last Saturday, and sold at 14½ Tuesday of this week, had recovered to about 18½ by Wednesday. The stock is the most completely manipulated speculative commodity this market has been in a long time.

California Midway, although it has not had a play of late, should be a purchase. The company is gradually being worked into shape as a real oil producer. Jade, Rice Ranch and Western Union also need watching as likely sleepers.

In the banking list, F. & M. National, First National, Southern Trust, Commercial National and National Bank of Commerce are firm and in demand. Broadway Bank and Trust, Central National, Citizens National and Home Savings are easier.

Bonds of the most stable reputation in this market are being sought by investors.

Money has not been so plentiful as it is at present in a long time, and funds for high-class credit are readily obtainable. Rates are as at the last report.

Banks and Banking

"Storm the banking citadel at Washington" is the advice given by James G. Cannon, president of the Fourth National Bank of New York, in a recent speech in this city, wherein he stated that while present financial conditions are bright all over the country, a currency reform legislation is much needed. President Cannon suggests that the next meeting of the American Bankers Association be held at Washington, and that during that period congress should be bombarded with petitions from all over the country asking for an effective legislation to prevent the periodical financial panics that so unsettle business conditions. He stated that while bankers and business men

agree on the main lines of the Aldrich-Vreeland bill, allowing clearing house certificates, which saved the situation in 1907, there are many details of that reform which must be adjusted before the law is enacted. General financial conditions, Mr. Cannon says, are good and improving. There is a decrease in speculative investments, railroads are using short-term notes in financing improvements; banks are loaning heavily abroad on safe securities. Also Mr. Cannon minimizes the danger to Wall street in event of the adverse decisions in the anti-trust cases now pending before the United States supreme court. These corporations will find a way of doing business, it is believed, even if the decision is against them, and it would be better to settle once for all on what lines these great concerns can lawfully and legally conduct their business. It would do away with the unrest that frequently prevails.

Oklahoma's four or five year try-out of the bank guarantee act seems to have proved unsatisfactory and unprofitable, according to a report recently made to the Oklahoma State Bankers Association. This law, which went into effect March, 1906, was to provide for a general fund from which bank losses and failures might be adjusted. It is claimed, apart from individual banks, the records of the bankers' board have been incomplete and inaccurate, and prior to March, 1910, no intelligible records were kept. It is shown that January 1, 1911, there was a cash balance on hand in the fund of \$26,292, out of which the affairs of the Planters and Merchants Bank of Oklahoma, recently failed, are being adjusted. The report shows that ten banks have failed, been liquidated through other banks or assisted from the guarantee fund. Five different assessments have been made on state banks, the average daily deposits to January 30 last bringing into the fund a total of \$878,352. Under the head of disbursements, a total of \$46,042.97 is given as "balance to be accounted for." Forty thousand dollars have been loaned on the capital stock of state banks; \$119,750 placed as a special deposit in state banks that needed assistance, and \$665,305.54 was lost entirely in paying depositors of failed banks, and in the liquidation of other banks. The Columbia failure cost the guarantee fund \$606,780.35. There is nothing in the reports to indicate that any special deposit to assist the banks had ever been paid back into the fund.

Warren Gillelen, W. Drew Pruitt, Robert Marsh, Frank R. Strong and Robert L. Cox are engaged in the preliminary arrangements for forming a new trust company which it is proposed to organize with \$1,000,000 capital. It is planned to have the company ready for operations next year when the ten-story office building, costing approximately \$500,000, is erected at the southwest corner of Ninth and Main streets. This structure will be built by interests connected with the Guaranty Oil Company, and the projected trust company will occupy the lower floor. Construction of the building will be begun this fall.

Los Angeles bank clearings for Friday of last week marked a notable gain, the total for the day being \$3,354,913, an increase of \$1,009,274 over the corresponding date of last year. Local bank clearings for April amounted to \$79,430,822, which was an increase of \$5,398,718 as compared with the total for April, 1910, and a gain of \$22,727,399 over April 1909. The total for last week was \$19,137,399, an increase of \$2,933,020 over the amount for the corresponding week of last year and \$6,640,241 better than the same week for 1909.

Bank clearings in the United States for the week ending April 27 aggregated \$2,730,330,000 as against \$2,765,631,000 last week, and \$2,939,318,000 for the

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corresponding week of last year. Los Angeles with clearings of \$19,369,000 ranks eleventh, and takes third place in percentage gain in clearings, the increase being 16.3 per cent. Baltimore with a gain of 19.1 per cent and Washington with 17.7 per cent lead Los Angeles.

Luke Wood, for eight years a teller of the German-American Savings Bank and more recently connected with the city tax department, has assumed his new duties as assistant cashier of the Equitable Savings Bank.

Testing the Cost of Living.

Years ago, the well-known French economist, Emile Levasseur, thoroughly examined the phenomena of the great rise in prices between 1847, just before gold was discovered in California, and 1856, when the world's annual gold output had increased to \$161,000,000, as against not much more than \$25,000,000 in the earlier year. He concluded that, of the intermediate rise in prices of natural products, about one-third resulted from war and scarcity and two-thirds from other causes--mainly the increased gold output. The same veteran statistician has now again reviewed the more recent phenomena in the rising cost of living. While he takes account of the present increased price of agricultural products by reason of the year's deficient crops, he considers that the general rise in prices after 1908 is the resumption of the upward movement which has continued ever since 1896, with the temporary halt brought about by liquidation after the crisis of 1907. M. Levasseur has made his investigations in the purchases of necessities by seventy French boarding schools. From 1905 to 1908 the rise was unbroken; then came the comparatively slight fall due to 1907. Extending his study to the whole course of the movement, he concludes: "The rise coincides with the increase in production of precious metals. Without trying to make out a numerical relation between such production and the commercial value of money, I think the production may be counted as one of the causes which have influenced general business activity and the increase in the prices of commodities and labor."

Stock and Bond Briefs

Members of the Pasadena council have been authorized to bond the city for \$100,000 to defray a share of the cost of building the arroyo bridge; also bonds in the sum of \$23,000 for a site and two-story brick building adjoining the city hall for the city employees. Bonds for buying automobile fire engine and hose also carried, but the bonds for the Carmelita-Monk Hill and for the Kensington strip and the strip of land along Monk Hill were denied.

May 16 has been set as the date for the special election to be held in Ocean Park and Playa del Rey school districts to vote on the question of forming a union high school district. If the majority is favorable to the proposition, a second election will be held to vote bonds for the purchase of a site and erection of a building.

Los Angeles supervisors will receive sealed bids up to 2 p.m. June 12 for the purchase of the county highway bonds in the sum of \$525,000 or any portion thereof. The bonds are in the amount of \$1,000 each and bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum. Certified check must be for 3 per cent of the amount bid.

Members of the Newport Beach chamber of commerce have appointed

a committee of three to gather data to submit to the government showing a survey for harbor should be made. Newport Beach citizens will vote this summer on the proposition of issuing bonds to the amount of \$50,000 to expend on the jetty at the entrance to the bay.

Fullerton is considering calling an election to vote bonds in the sum of \$192,000 for good roads. It is proposed that the business section be paved from curb to curb. Roads will be improved and concrete bridges constructed from the fund. A canvass of voters seems to assure that the bonds will carry.

Corona is planning municipal improvements to be apportioned as follows: Street improvements, \$160,000; city park, \$13,500, and fire department, \$5,000. It is proposed to call a bond election in the near future to provide funds for these municipal needs.

Alhambra will hold a special election May 29 to vote on the issuance of bonds in the sum of \$110,000 for purchasing land, building and repairing schools, also to install domestic science and manual training departments.

Citizens of Glendora have passed resolutions favoring the calling of a special election to vote bonds in the sum of \$50,000 for school improvements. Date for the election will be set for the latter part of this month or in June.

Trustees of the Orange high school district have called a special election for May 27 to vote bonds in the sum of \$25,000 for building a domestic science and manual training building as an adjunct to the high school.

Alhambra county school district is preparing to hold a bond election to vote \$100,000 for the construction of common and high school buildings. The election will be held May 29.

Bonds of the Excelsior union high school district of Los Angeles in the sum of \$30,000 have been sold to James H. Adams Co., whose bid carried a premium of \$1801.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Not Coal Lands. Serial No. 03756.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
April 7, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that Guillermo Borjonez, of The Palms, Cal., who on January 8, 1906, made homestead entry No. 10079, Serial No. 03756, for lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Section 19, Township 1 South, Range 16 West, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Calif., on the 16th day of May, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: C. Temple Allen, of Topanga, Cal.; Claud M. Allen, of Topanga, Cal.; Juan Vargas, of Topanga, Cal.; Refugio Espinoza, of The Palms, Cal.; J. E. Dunham, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication, April 15, 1911.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Not Coal Land. Serial No. 01561.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
March 31, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that William D. Reynolds, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on June 5, 1905, made homestead entry No. 10853, Serial No. 01561, for S W ¼ S E ¼ and S ½ S W ¼, Section 1, Township 1 South, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 12th day of May, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: John L. Wood, of Topanga, Calif.; Daniel E. Fletcher, of Santa Monica, Calif.; C. C. Cheney, of Topanga, Calif.; Morton Allen, of Topanga, Calif.
FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication, April 8, 1911.